THE
CUM RAG

Welcome to Issue 1 of *the Cum Rag*, a zine by and for sex workers.

This zine was collated by Vixen's Peer Education project, and we hope it is the first of many zines produced by Vixen's sex worker communities!

The Cum Rag aims to reflect the diversity of the sex industry in Victoria and highlight the voices and experiences of sex workers who are often written about, but seldom have the opportunity to directly speak to, and of, our own experiences. Hence, *the Cum Rag* is a manifestation of Vixen's commitment to creating spaces By and For Sex Workers.

Vixen's Peer Education team specifically instigated this zine project in response to feedback from sex workers who articulated a desire to see sex worker culture reflected in an accessible format, and to learn more about the incredible whorestory of the sex worker movement.

Issue 1 of *the Cum Rag* contains contributions from a diverse range of sex workers, including sex workers with experience of arrest; underage male sex workers; single mums; street-based sex workers; sex workers who use (currently) illicit drugs; First Nations sex workers; private escort workers; trans and gender diverse sex workers; migrant sex workers; brothel-based workers; fetish workers; older sex workers; strippers; and amazing sex worker artists!

In recognition of International Sex Worker Priday Day (14 September), the broad theme of this issue of *the Cum Rag* is "sex worker pride".

International Sex Worker Pride Day was explicitly established with the aim of raising the profile and voices of sex worker communities who have been marginalised from broader society- and shamefully, often from within the sex worker movement itself. Through our community development and organising efforts, Vixen actively attempts to challenge the multiple manifestations of respectability politics that have unfortunately influenced the sex worker movement over the past few decades. *The Cum Rag* is an attempt to counter these norms.

As you read this zine, we hope you find contributions that inspire and uplift you. You may also find contributions that will challenge and confront you. Some of them might do all of the above!

Vixen does not explicitly condone or condemn any of the views expressed and/ or experiences articulated in the following pages. We are simply providing space for contributions from all sex workers - including those of us who have been historically misrepresented and/or overlooked in other media spaces, and whose stories may be less comfortable and more confronting than the 'happy hooker' narrative.

Vixen recognises and celebrates the diversity of all workers in the sex industry. We all come from different class and socio-political backgrounds, and some of us come from different cultural and linguistic backgrounds. Some of us have worked in the sex industry for a long time, and others entered sex work more recently. We have different modes of working in the sex industry and different norms within our working spaces. Some of us face increased risk of contact with police and/ or other State institutions in our work spaces. Some of us are "out and proud" sex workers, whilst others are not able to (or have no desire to) be "out" and prefer to stay anonymous and "under the radar"- often for reason related to (self) stigma, marginilisation, discrimination, and potential criminilisation.

There's no one way of working, or experience of sex work, that is common to each and every one of us. We hope that *the Cum Rag* proactively creates space for the experiences of all sex workers.

Vixen aims to distribute *the Cum Rag* to a diversity of sex worker communities through our intersectional outreach teams. If you didn't have an opportunity to contribute to this issue of *the Cum Rag*, we encourage you to send us contributions for inclusion in future editions. We aim to produce a new zine every 3-6 months, to coincide with international sex worker days of significance. Issue 2 will focus on 3 March, International Sex Worker Rights Day. We encourage you to think about what this means to you, and to submit comics, rants, art, drawings, poetry, photos, stories and musings - the absurd, the ridiculous, the tragic, the political...

Although the Vixen Peer Education editorial team is ideologically opposed to censorship, we reserve the right to edit contributions which do not align with Vixen's values of anti-racism/ anti-sexism/ anti-fascism/ trans and homophobia/ ageism/ ableism/ drug shaming/ prejudice against unemployed people/ discrimination against unhoused people/ and contributions which explicitly support carceral solutions including the police, the prison-industrial complex, and other State institutions which systemically marginalise and oppress sex worker communities.

We can be reached at: info@vixen.org.au or call: 03 90709050

If you want a digital copy of *the Cum Rag*, please check the Vixen website and/or Twitter for a link to an online PDF.

Gay for pay

By Brendan

Gotta suck another cock
Just to score some shithouse rock
Dealer's a cunt, no tick today
But them filthy old bastards don't mind to pay

Can't stand a day waking up sick
Washing out baggies till I pull a trick
No matter if I gotta hustle, rob, or steal
1 way or another, I'm coppin that deal

My cocks been in 100 grotty gobs
Rich cunts in suits and tradie slobs
A nice little tickle n sweet cold puff
Ya like it hard, ya want it ruff?

Me missus don't like it, but she can cope
Long as I'm bringn home cash n dope
Runnin this habit it's the only way
Guess that makes me gay for pay

FRAGRANCES FOR DAD

FATHERS DAY SPECIAL

ESSENTIALS

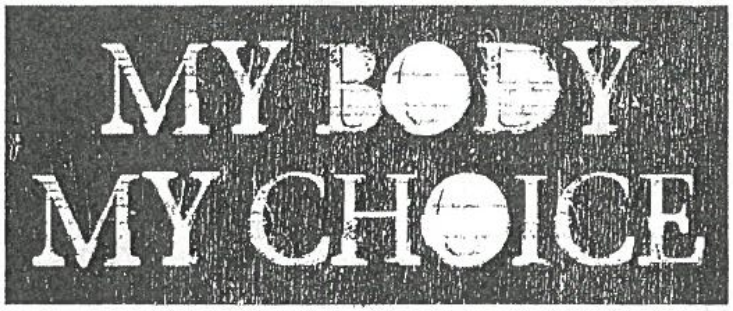
My Cum
On your FACE

Only $50 extra

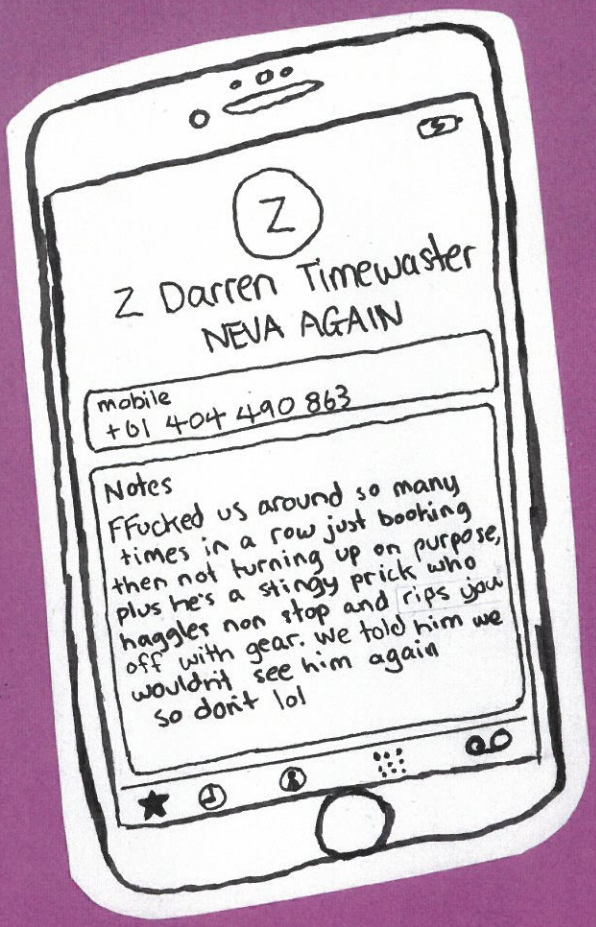
- autonomy -

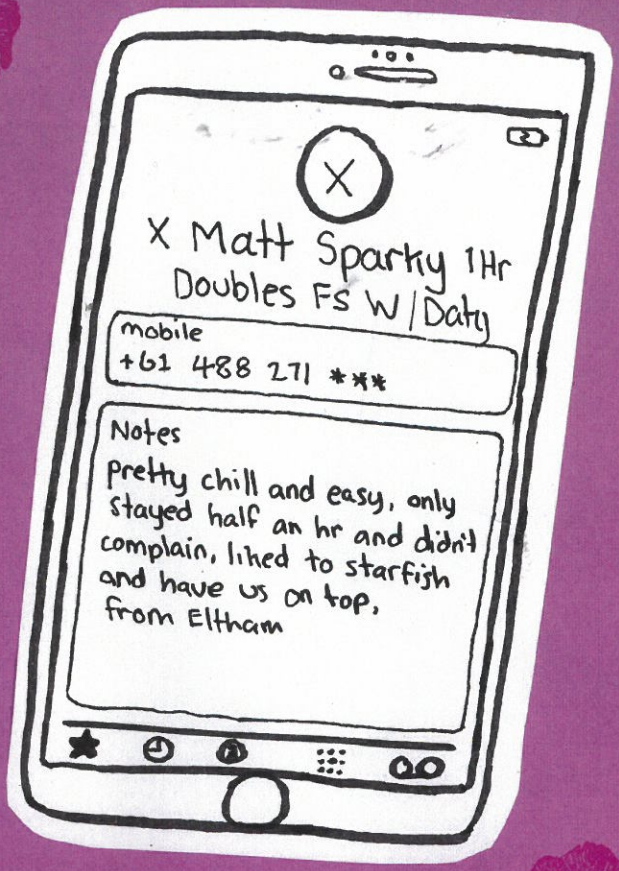
It's strange, how often we hear the term "bodily autonomy" without knowing exactly what it means. To me, as an out and proud Trans and disabled Sex worker, "autonomy" means freedom - not just to determine my destiny - but to revel in everything it does. It means the choice to rest, the choice to hustle, cry, laugh, whatever. Autonomy to me is interlinked with pride. As trans people we are often told by an increasingly fascist state, to hide away and not be visible. It means that I proudly take up space in a world that does not afford it to me. When Sex workers talk about bodily autonomy it isn't just about vague notions of workplace Rights or politics - it is often

about survival. For me, for us, for everyone, it's not just about rights, it's about living - and living with joy.

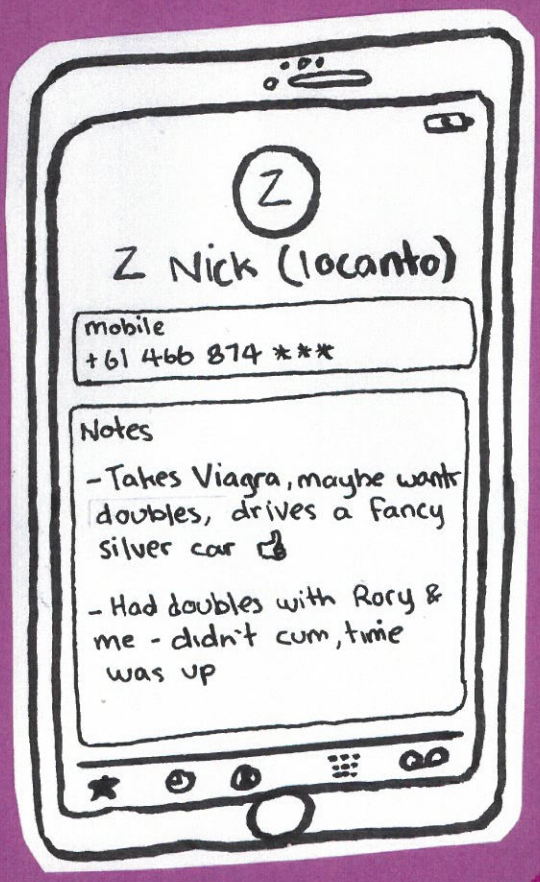


Austin Reid - Janeau
@NotoriousARJ (until Elon Musk buys twitter)


Z
Z Darren Timewaster
NEVA AGAIN
mobile
+61 404 490 863
Notes
FFucked us around so many times in a row just booking then not turning up on purpose, plus he's a stingy prick who haggles non stop and rips you off with gear. We told him we wouldn't see him again so don't lol


X
X Matt Sparky 1Hr
Doubles Fs W/Daty
mobile
+61 488 271 ***
Notes
Pretty chill and easy, only stayed half an hr and didn't complain, liked to starfish and have us on top, from Eltham

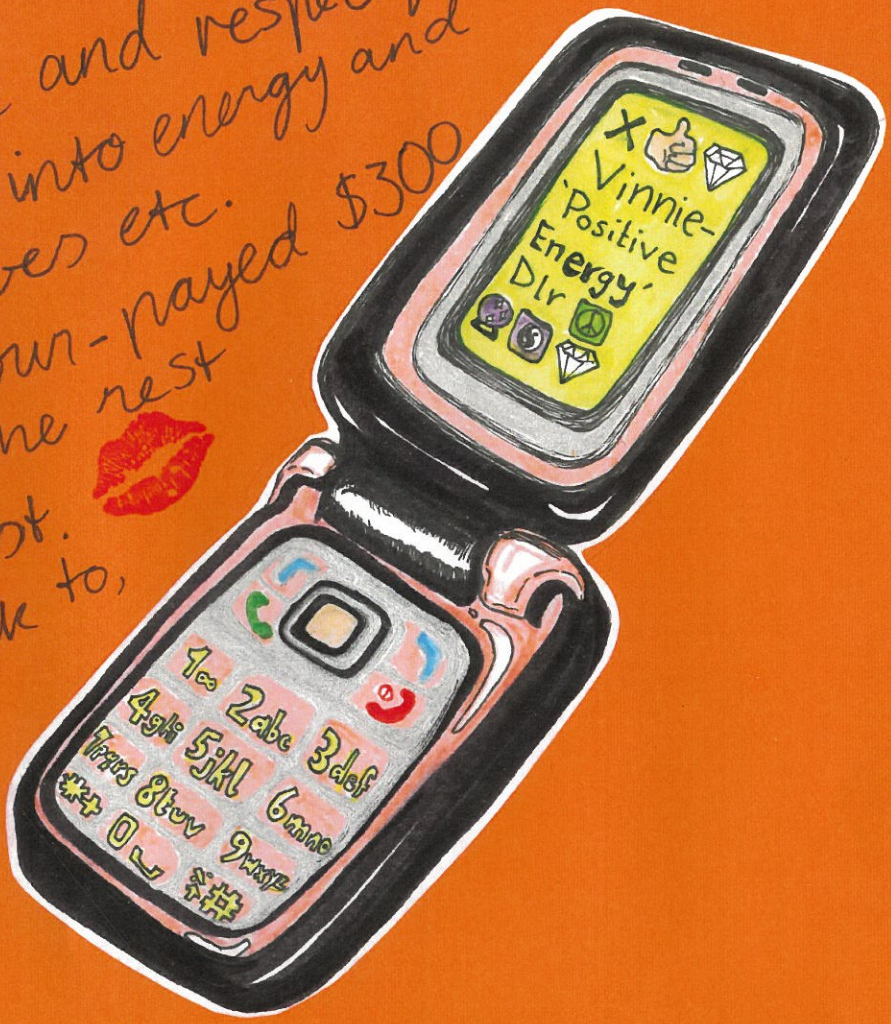
Z
Z Dylan
mobile
+61 412 645 ***
Notes
Picks up from Dalgety St in work truck, likes to use the Princes St car park, nice and easy, fucks out the door


Z
Z Nick (locanto)
mobile
+61 466 874 ***
Notes
- Takes Viagra, maybe wants doubles, drives a fancy silver car
- Had doubles with Rory & me - didn't cum, time was up

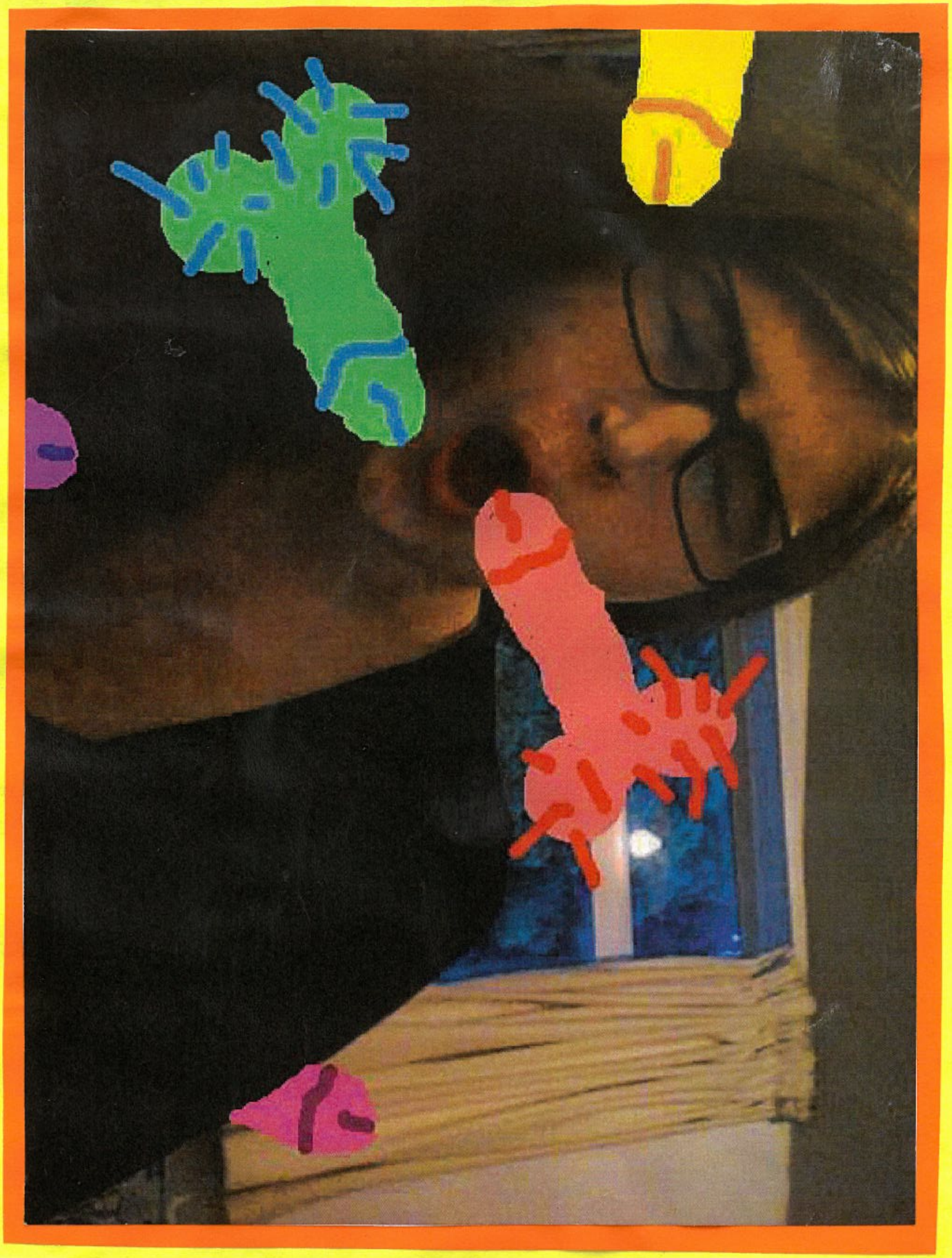
Scout

NOTES

Dealer, nice and respectful in booking, into energy and positive vibes etc. Booked hour-payed $300 and made the rest up with fast. Easy to talk to, came quick.



Any chance of a free ride?
Buck You Cowboy,, Whorse Like me dont do it for free



Created in 2011, Aotearoa,
post brothel shift

Untitled

I've appreciated cities in different lights and times that most people never get to.

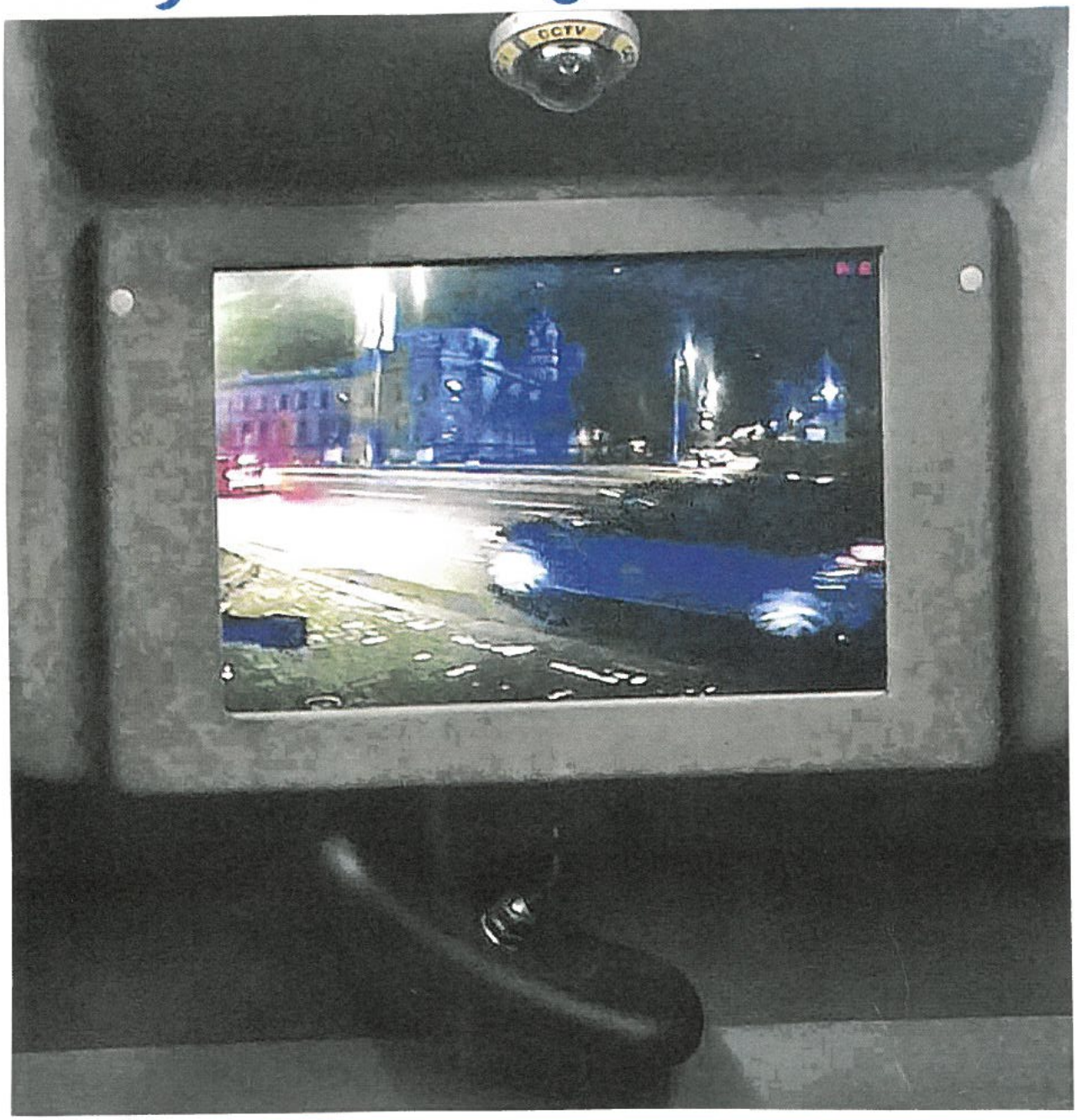
That 1am Sunday night walk home from the strip club in Edinburgh, polishing off half a pack of digestives on the way. Walking past the castle, the sky that strange shade of pale blue, wondering whether it's still light or if it ever even got dark.

5am cab drives to the coach station in London after fortnightly stints dancing/domming, casually driving past Big Ben, purse full of cash.

The 4am bus trip back to Cardiff from Bristol, on the worst night only $10 in my purse.

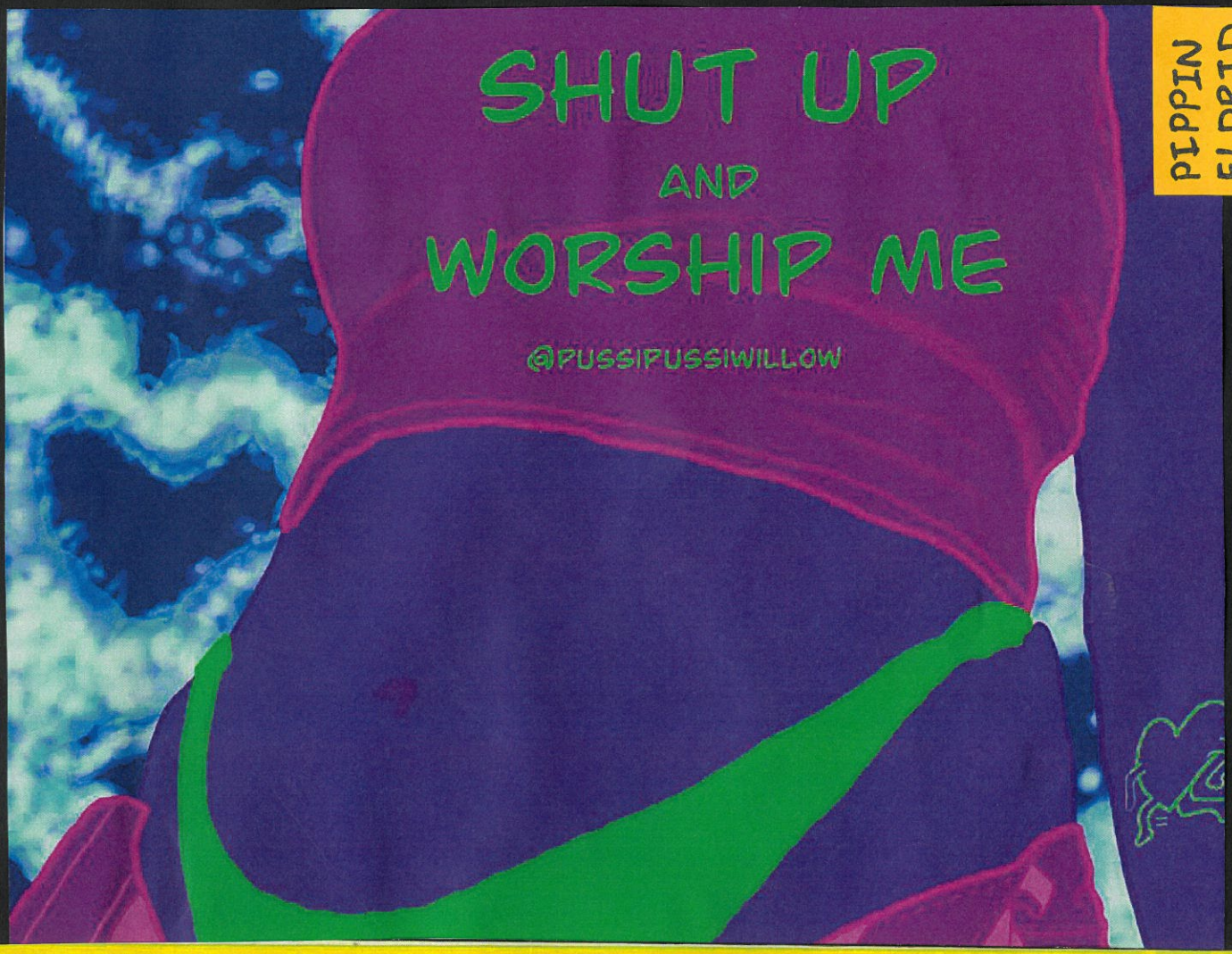
Strolling through the Cross at whatever time we finished work at the brothel. Or times where I would wear my heels straight from the brothel to get a bus to Petersham to stay with my first boyfriend.

Getting a subway sandwich after staying in the brothel in Naarm, then doing my make-up for uni in David Jones with the testers. These are some of my favourite memories, there's something cool about being able to see such usually bustling cities empty.



How many birth workers here?
How many death walkers here?
What do we feel when we see these humans, doing this work, is it work?
What do we feel about them, as humans, what kind of projection about them are we feeling? Are they good people? Hero's? Superhuman? Gifted? Skilled? Do we wonder how they do that? Could we ever do that?
What do we feel about sex workers?
What do we feel when we see these humans, doing this work, is it work? Are they good people? Hero's? Superhuman? Gifted? Skilled? Do we wonder how they do that? Could we ever do that?
I am not going to ask the sex workers here to expose themselves. It's not safe in everyday culture to do so.
But I am going to claim a space here and now... as a sex worker, as a Whore
As Sacred Whore, because WE ARE ALL SACRED WHORES.
There is no line where one sexual act becomes any less sacred than another.
Except when it is non consensual... that is when it's RAPE. Simple.

MAMA B



us sleeping between intros (peaceful)

When I tell a man

NO

He so often hears

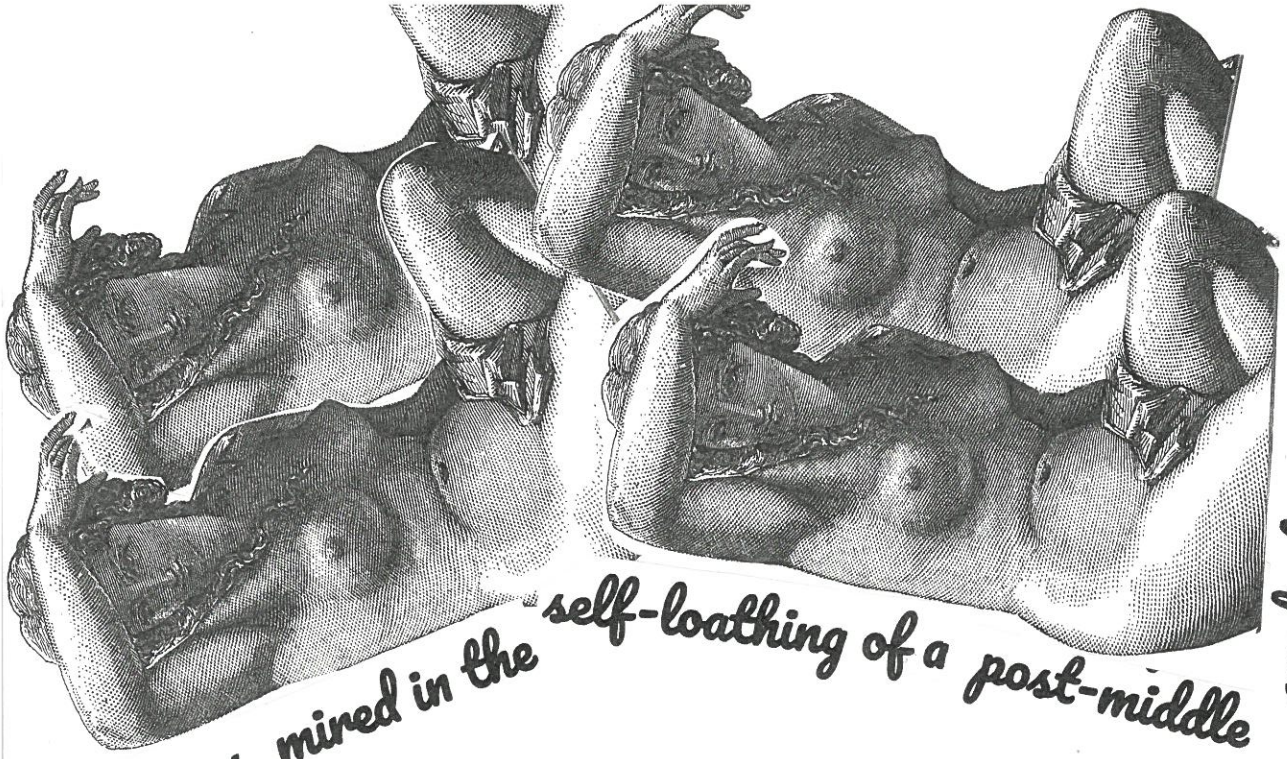
— CONVINCE ME —

But when I say

PAY ME

I either get Paid or he

FUCKS OFF



Musings, mired in the self-loathing of a post-middle aged whore.

Making a not-so triumphant return to a suburban brothel, I exchanged the obligatory inaine pleasantries with fresh-faced workers. I wondered if they were taking their first tentative steps as I was sucking my first imminently forgettable cock.

I approach the mirror to brutally assess the impacts of decades of poor decision making and ill-regard for self-preservation. I'm immediately repulsed by my reflection. The glaring fluorescent lights seem to highlight my body - layered with hard fat around my gut, thighs and hips.

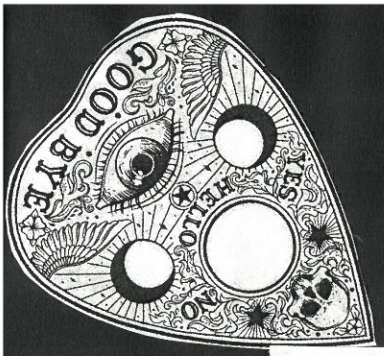
Do others see a beaten woman whose only resistance to the decline into post- middle age is to wear clothes too youthful? Clothes too tight and revealing for my meaty, ever-expanding figure?

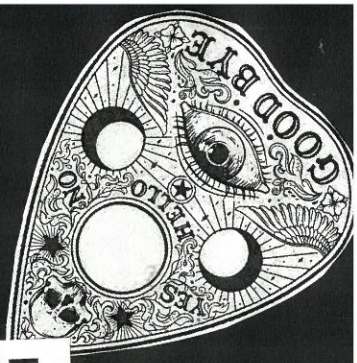
I attempt to smile at the monstrosity reflecting back at me from the mirror. Its doughy face and drooping jowls twist in a perverse caricature of flirtation. I'm vaguely nauseated at this woman reflected back at me. A woman gone to seed, self-consciously attempting to exude a sexual magnetism she no longer possesses. I lower my eyes, then raise them back to the mirror, a grotesque vaudevillian caricature leers back at me.

A cold thought strikes me. This person in the mirror who repulses me- this woman within whom both personal repulsion and professional attraction will ostensibly meet, is for the next few weeks, solely responsible for my financial survival.

As I entered the lounge, grateful for the mood lighting, I wondered at the apparition in the mirror. How far would she allow herself to be compromised, providing services that even a decade earlier would be anathema, but in this new environment of youthful, fresh faced competitiveness would undoubtedly become a new uncomfortable norm? The only foreseeable outcome, a deeper self-loathing that increases in direct correlation with each hardwon meagre plastic note.

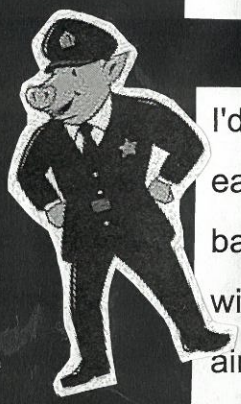
To my surprise, I'm booked for my first job. As I'm being fucked from behind with irregular thrusts, I'm overcome with an unexpected and fleeting sense of positivity. Would I come to admire, even develop a modicum of self respect at my stubborn refusal to acknowledge the relentless shrinking of my possibilities? Could I- despite the stale air of the room with its lingering odours of perfume, cigarette smoke, coagulated take away food, and greasy condoms- be seducing into believing that new, exciting experiences could exist, seemingly despite all evidence to the contrary?



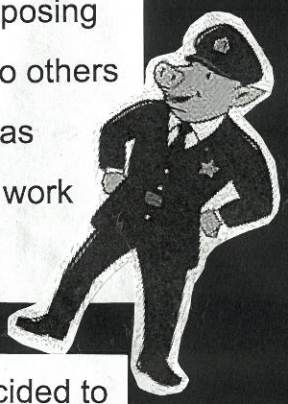


A WHORE WHO IGNORED THE SPIRITS GETS LIFE ADVICE FROM THE VICE SQUAD

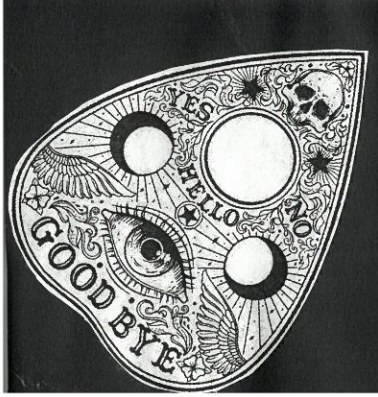
It was the early or maybe even the mid 90s and I was squatting in Woolloomooloo, Sydney when I embarked on my first night of doing street sex work in the neighbouring suburb of Darlinghurst.

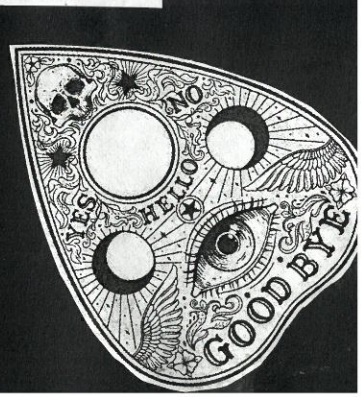


I'd done a little bit of street work in Melbourne and had been surprised by the ease with which I could earn some money, but Darlinghurst was a whole new ballgame. Williams Street, where I knew street work was allowed, was dotted with beautiful Trans women dressed to the nines, who gave off an imposing air, though they were always quick with a comedic line or a warning to others about cops, bad mugs and other whore hazards. The camaraderie was palpable. Put simply, they owned William Street and I was excited to work anywhere near them.



As I was getting ready, looking for my shortest and tightest dress, I decided to try and get a heads-up about what the night might have in store for me. Tarot cards wouldn't cut it, not specific enough, so I held a dictionary in my hand and opened it to three random pages and chose a word with my eyes closed on each of the three pages. The words I'd chosen by divination couldn't have been more stark; something like *authority*, *uniform*, *danger*. I'd been told; however, I had my dress, the amount of drugs and booze in my system was at it's sweet spot and I was determined. Dictionary divination be dammed!





I chose a side street just off Williams street that seemed to be perfect, enough traffic, but not so much that I'd feel too on display. Little did I know a school was close by, making this street illegal to do sex work on.

After a few short minutes a car stopped and the mug asked me if I was working. I told him my price and jumped in. Viola. So easy. After a few moments he turned to me and said I was under arrest, that he was undercover with Sydney's now infamous Vice Squad and we were now heading to the Surry Hills cop shop. WTF. This was entrapment I thought, my mind scrambling. *No wait up, I'm working so it's legal!* Fuck. Okay - cue damsel in distress and see how this plays out. I told him this was my first job street working, ever.

"Nobody gets caught on their first time love", he said, "Impossible. It just doesn't happen".

"But it IS my first time!" I faux sobbed.

His mood shifted a little, I sensed that he possibly believed me.

We drove deep into the bowels of the police complex, exited the vehicle and surfaced via an elevator into the booking section where he handed me over for processing. Being my first arrest, I was fascinated by the whole process and had as much fun with it as possible. Cameras, photos, how fabulous. I posed for the camera to get a flattering mugshot then out came the fingerprinting gear. Woohoo! The ink being rolled across my fingertips transported me back to all the movies I'd seen of bad girls getting arrested. So I didn't earn any money tonight, but on the upside, at least I was on an adventure so far.

Eventually I was ushered into a room with two cops. I had given a false name and address during processing and I assumed that now I'd have to prove my identity, seeing as I didn't have any ID on me. Instead, things just took a bizarre turn.

The older cop did all the talking. He'd obviously been told that it was my first time working and he took great interest in this. It was like I was his little project for the night - *here's a girl he can SAVE*.

He gave me a stern and earnest talk about what was in store for me if a nice girl like me was to continue on the path of prostitution...

Drugs. Yes, drug addiction was a certainty.

I swallowed hard and opened my eyes widely with the most concerned look I could muster, trying not to laugh as I'd already had a drug habit. He could see he had my rapt attention (anything to distract him from my false name and address situation), so he leant over and began to impart his biggest warning for me, his hard-earned insight gained from years of harassing sex workers...

"If you keep on at this it would be a real tragedy for you", he solemnly imparted. "Do you know WHY it would be such a tragedy for you?"

"No?", I gulped.

"Because you WILL become a lesbian. And do you know why becoming a lesbian would be such a tragedy?"

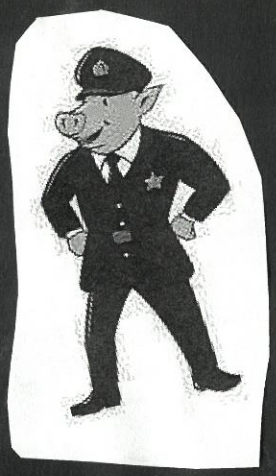
"No?", I gulped again.

"Because..." (he took a long pause for dramatic affect and looked deep into my eyes) "Because lesbians can't have children."

Cue me calling on every fibre of my being to keep this acting job up and not burst into peels of riotous laughter. "Um, okay...", I replied.

Fuckin' hilarious! A: He just automatically assumes that I'm not already queer. B: He assumes that I'd ever even want children and C: Lesbians can have children you fuckin' ignorant pig fool! Not to mention the assumed sex work-to-lesbianism pipeline that lives in his fevered cop imaginings.

Hahahaha! It was too much. By now I'm almost giddy from keeping the hilarity suppressed for so long. *This is fuckin' classic*, I'm thinking. *I cant wait to get out of here and tell my friends about this!*



So now that he'd done his nice little sharing of his pearls of wisdom, he began to share the more pragmatic side of me continuing street work. He tells me that I'll need to work to pay off the fine that I've received and that I probably should work for the rest of the night to raise the funds for it.

"We'll leave you alone for the rest of the night while you work, but after that we'll have to pick you up every now and then, but eventually we'll mostly leave you alone".

What he didn't say explicitly, but I already knew from working friends, was that in order to get this 'mostly leave you alone' status, you had to fuck (for free of course), members of the Vice Squad. Well, I couldn't foresee any cop fucking in my immediate, or any future, absolutely not! So I gathered my hooker-dressed little arse and got the fuck out of there.

Incredibly my fake ID was never even questioned, so no fine, no record, I was just left with a whack-arsed story to tell. Equal parts hilarious and disturbing, but fully entertaining.

I decided I didn't want any more encounters with Sydney's Vice Squad, so my future sex work career was in the safety and relatively genteel world of brothels and dungeons.

The Sydney Vice Squad were disbanded in the years that followed and they have now joined the ranks of other infamously archaic and corrupt policing units.

For the record, never before has any dictionary divination I've done since then been so stunning in it's vivid accuracy. Perhaps the spirits guiding the hands of those performing it favour those seeking their guidance in arcane matters related to whoredom. Who knows? Perhaps this is a matter for future generations of sex workers to investigate.

Fond memories and RIPs to all the staunch Trans street sex workers who have now passed, and all the street workers of Warrang-Sydney who endured the hated Vice Squad. Fuck all cops forever and long live all the cop-hating glorious whores everywhere of now who spit and dance upon the graves of respectability and carve out their own paths of truth and rebellious being. Lastly, a word of advice - if the good spirits of Whoredom warn you of cops, raise your glass in thanks to them and take heed.

- Zuni

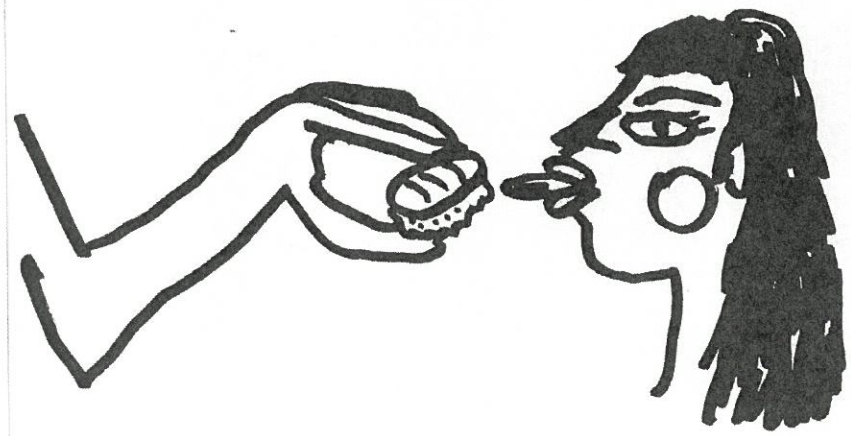
Sore back / SORE KNEES in my aged care job
$25 p/hour
40hrs
Vs
8hrs
$2K
MUM'S BILLS
MY BILLS + RENT
FOOD
DEBTS
Best shift ever @ CBD Broth!
OR.. to
$0 K -
LOL!
- many nights.

Somewhat charming client

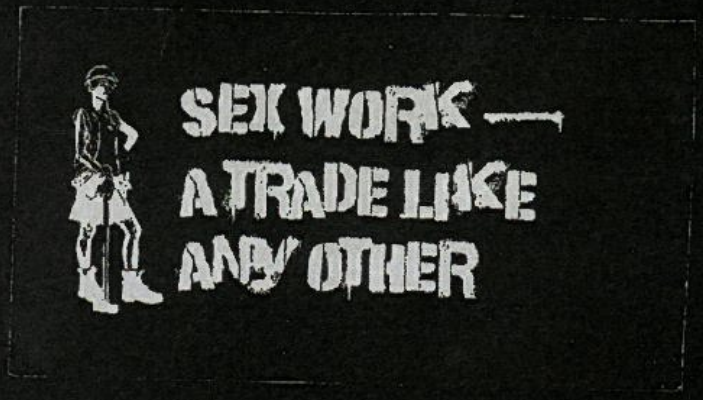
My somewhat charming client, high as fuck, turned on the TV and directed it to Spotify to help set the scene. Think 1995 and Ace of Base or think 1996 La Bouche. This was his time, when he was more alive and I was in year 3, pretending I was Posh Spice. He eventually railed me for ages on what was probably a plethner wuch, he half coming and me, my back left sore from being bent in half. After, he ordered food, sushi for me and a coke for himself. When our order arrived we were running out of time and I was already half way out the door in my mind. He asked if he could feed me and I unenthusiastically obliged.

With his sex stained fingers, covered in soy sauce he picked up a piece of sushi. He fed it to me and I sucked the offering off his fingers. Something clicked. My clit hardened and I was aroused. After this I asked a lover to feed me and again it left me wanting more. Years later I'm left wanting and waiting for my girlfriend to feed me like he did. I need to satiate this need, ignited one day by this somewhat charming client.

Penny Black



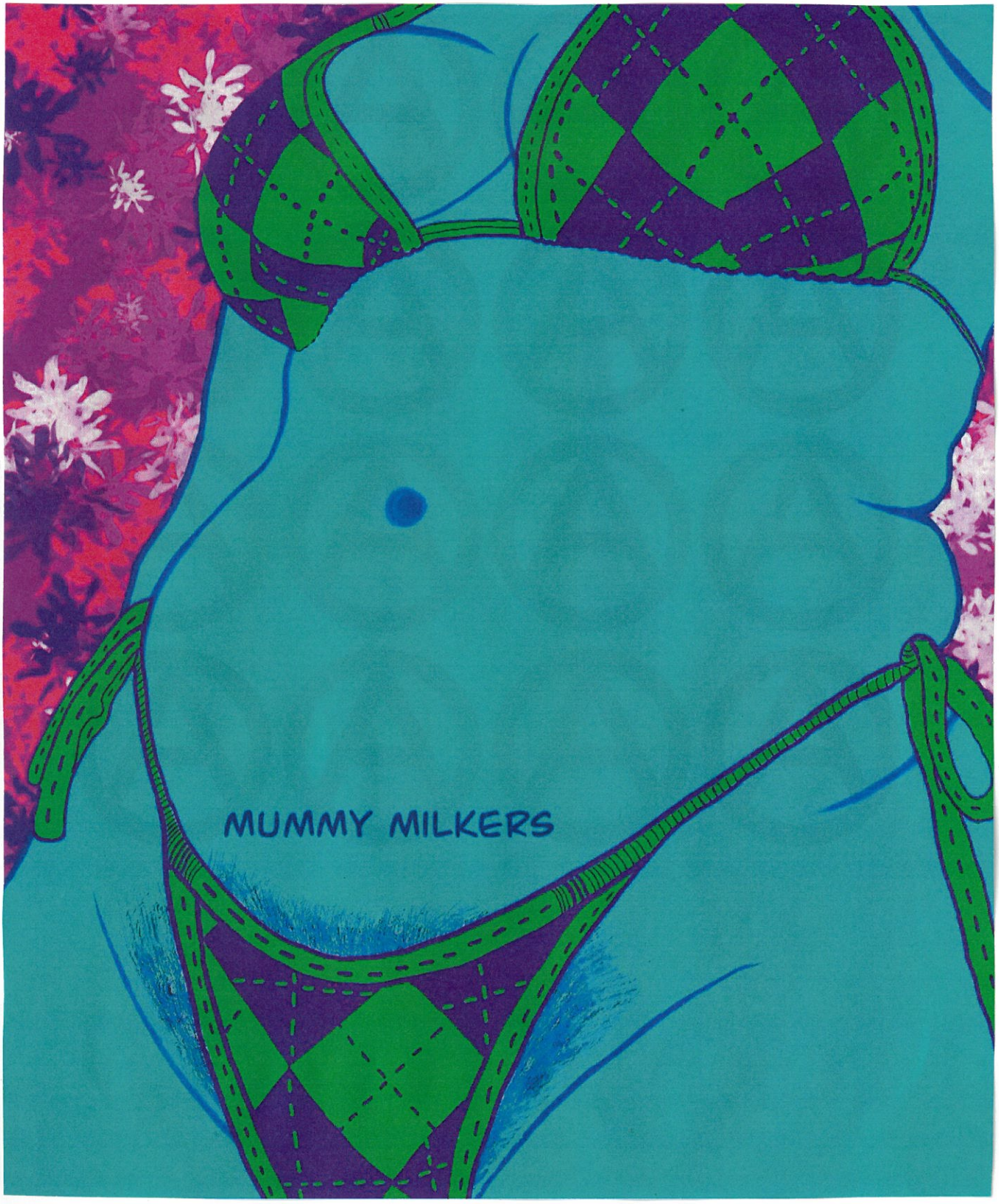
The best people I know are whores
you think you know generousity — you don't.
you think you know patience — you don't.
to give of ones self, to hold space;
to heal.
You think you know generosity - you don't.



a love letter
from an ally.

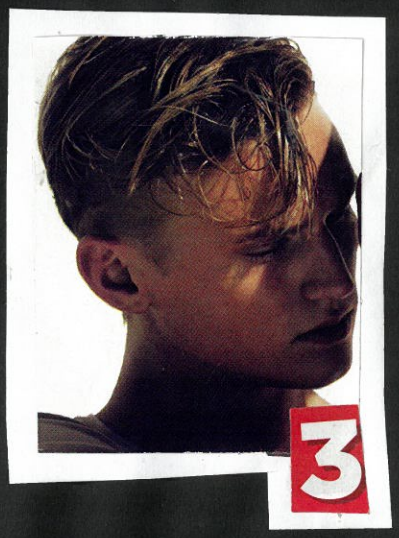
Hello, my name is Cassandra.
I have lived in Australia
for 11 years. I have just
moved from QLD to Victoria
A lot of things are new for
me here. I fell lonely in
Melbourne. Fortunatelly,
I have visited Vixen and
made a lot of friends
there. The guy are very
helpfull, creative and open-
minded with prejudice.
I appreciate it as I ~~have~~ am
coming from a concervative,
strict family which limited
my freedom and caused
a lot of psychological
and physical problems.
I belive, Vixen environment
will help me RECOVER
and discover me, my real me.

PIPPIN ELDRID



COCK O CLOCK

15 minutes in the life of an independent escort



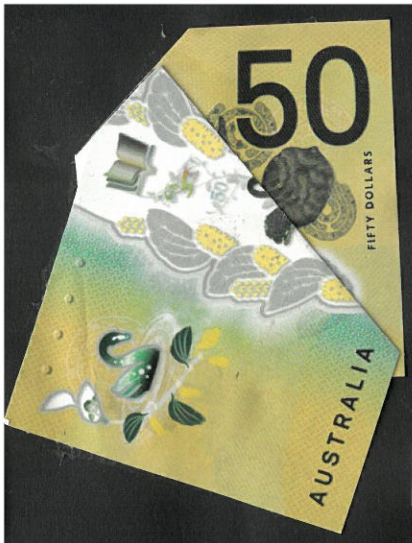
So, you've decided to experiment with fundraising as an 'independent escort', seeking out "generous gentlemen" through alluringly worded advertisements you've placed on free and low-cost online classifieds websites. As an independent escort, a significant aspect of your hustle involves dedicating vast amounts of time to answering phone calls, text messages, and private messages. You need to develop the skills to assess whether the person communicating with you is serious in their enquiries, whether they're a classic mug timewaster engaging in the digital version of brothel crawling, or if they're someone simply hoping for masturbation fodder through a free interaction with a whore.

Within literal minutes of uploading your first online advertisement, your phone begins to vibrate, ring, and beep with noises you will soon begin to irrationally loathe and associate with multiple frustrations. Predominantly you are inundated with text messages, the contents of which range from the inane to the absurd.

Perhaps if mug communication was evenly staggered over a 12hour period you would remain somewhat immune to developing an explosive ire and rage at messages from yet another faceless, gormless potential punter. However, for inexplicable reasons, it appears these prospective cash sources operate to a synchronised bio-rhythm [redacted] COCK O CLOCK or belong to a secret "mugs club", in which they agree to simultaneously demand your attention with laughably cretinous messages. Thus, you are presented with the challenge of replying to numerous concurrent communications with requisite enticing responses, whilst attempting to discern genuine potential cash sources from literal wankers…

As vicarious insight* into the vexatious nature of dealing with mugs as an 'independent escort', presented here in uncensored and unadulterated form, direct from mobile phone archives is a genuine demonstration of 15 minutes of text interactions during [redacted] COCK O CLOCK

*(Although I'd like to say, "presented here for your pleasure and entertainment", alas, there's little in the way of either entertainment or genuine pleasure to gained from reading this banal, prejudiced rubbish..)



10:00

10:00: (Mug 1): 0417 *** 224 : Hey babe how much for just a massage and blow job?

10:00: (Mug 2): 0476 *** 357 : Got pics?

10:00: (Mug 3): Hi babe hows it going

10:01

10:01: (Mug 2) : ???

10:01: (Mug 3) : You busy

10:02

10:02: (Mug 4) : Hello id like to enquire about a booking.. 31yo guy in town for work and have day off

10:04

10: 04: (Mug 4) : Whats the rates for 2 girls? How old and what do you offer?

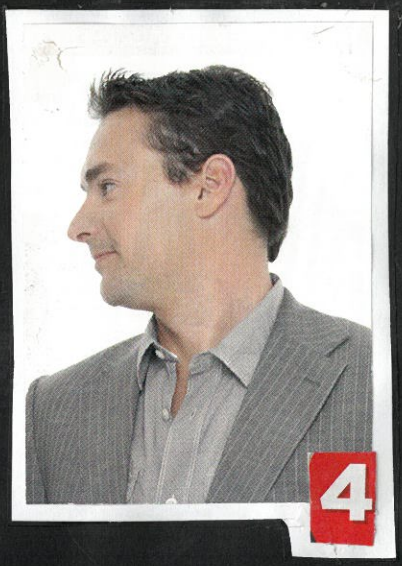
10:04: (Mug 1): Do you do cim [cum in mouth] babe?

10:04: (Mug 5): Hi how you going? Look I'm a good looking 22 yr old male whose a local, im looking for something to do tonight

10:05

10:05: (Mug 6): Hi honey how much

10: 05: (Mug 3): Location



10:06

10:06: (Mug 2): What fantasies do you do?

10:06: (Mug 4): Does it include bbbj?

10:06: (Mug 4): Sorry bj w condom does nothing for me..

10:07

10:07: (Mug 4): Are you good at doing massage?

10:07: (Mug 6): Once I see some photos I'll tell you how long, I'm horny as fuck too

10:07: (Mug 2): ??

10:07: (Mug 1): why not?

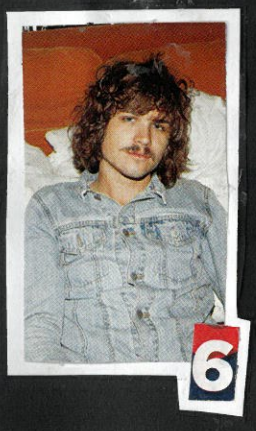
10:07: (Mug 5): I was more hoping just to get drunk with you first then see what happens x

10:07: (Mug 4): How much 2 girls massage?

10:07: (Mug 1): but I cant cum with condom

10:07: (Mug 4): Not being disrespectful but Asian girls does it for 75

10:07: (Mug 5): I could come to your room



10:08

10:08: (Mug 4): Im happy to pay that if your keen

10:08: (Mug 6): Yeah I'll book

10:08: (Mug 2): BBBJ CIM COF [cum on face] anal

10:08: (Mug 4): im just after 1 girl but happy for 2 if same price

10:08: (Mug 5): or could drink at bar ?

10:08: (Mug 6): can I come now?

10:08: (Mug 1): cof ? [cum on face]

10:08: (Mug 5): what do you drink

10:09

10:09: (Mug 2): u got any mates wholl do it?

10:09: (Mug 6): Actually nah, I'll message you tomorrow

10:09: (Mug 4): don't wanna be disrespectful or anything..just trying to work out who to see. The Asian girls in town are all low 20s but wanted to see someone other than an Asian girl

10:09: (Mug 1): ???

10:09: (Mug 5): ????

10:09: (Mug 5): this is me by the way [photo attached]

10:09: (Mug 3): got pictures

10:09: (Mug 1): ??

10:09: (Mug 5): what do u drink?

10:10

10:10: (Mug 5): should I come round with some beer then?

10:10: (Mug 6): ???

10:10: (Mug 4): do you mind if I ask how old you are?

10:10: (Mug 2): how come neither of you will do it

10:10: (Mug 6): Could use a fuck

10:10: (Mug 4): Ah ok..bit old for me to fuck..but if you wanna do massage w happy ending at Asian price...im keen

10:11

10:11: (Mug 4): all good..thanks for your time

10:11: (Mug 1): that's no fun

10:11: (Mug 5): I wanna see how cool you are first before paying for booking

10:11: (Mug 4): Totally random question..do you smoke weed?

10:11: (Mug 1): bbbj?

10:11: (Mug 3): how much half hour

10:11: (Mug 6): I'll come now

10:11: (Mug 4): I'm looking to buy some

10;11: (Mug 4): All good was thought it was worth a try

10:12

10:12: (Mug 5): Got beers here let me know when you want me to come round

10:12: (Mug 6): 1 hour

10:12: (Mug 1): ???

10:12: (Mug 5): you good with outcalls

10:12: (Mug 5): im not sure how much cash I have I'll have to check, might not be able to afford taxi to come see you and pay you full price too

10:12: (Mug 2): if you girls want to make $ you need to provide more services

10:12: (Mug 6): oohhhhh, sounds good

10:12: (Mug 6): see ya soon

10:13

10:13: (Mug 5): ive only got $250 what can you do for that

10:13: (Mug 3): send us a few more pics

10:14

10:14: (Mug 5): OK sounds good, I got beers too tho hahaha, 1 o clock good for me

10:14: (Mug 5): The address is ********

10:14: (Mug 3): You gotta do better than that.. cant see your pussy

10:14: (Mug 1): Send a photo of your face

10:14: (Mug 3): you shaved?

10:15

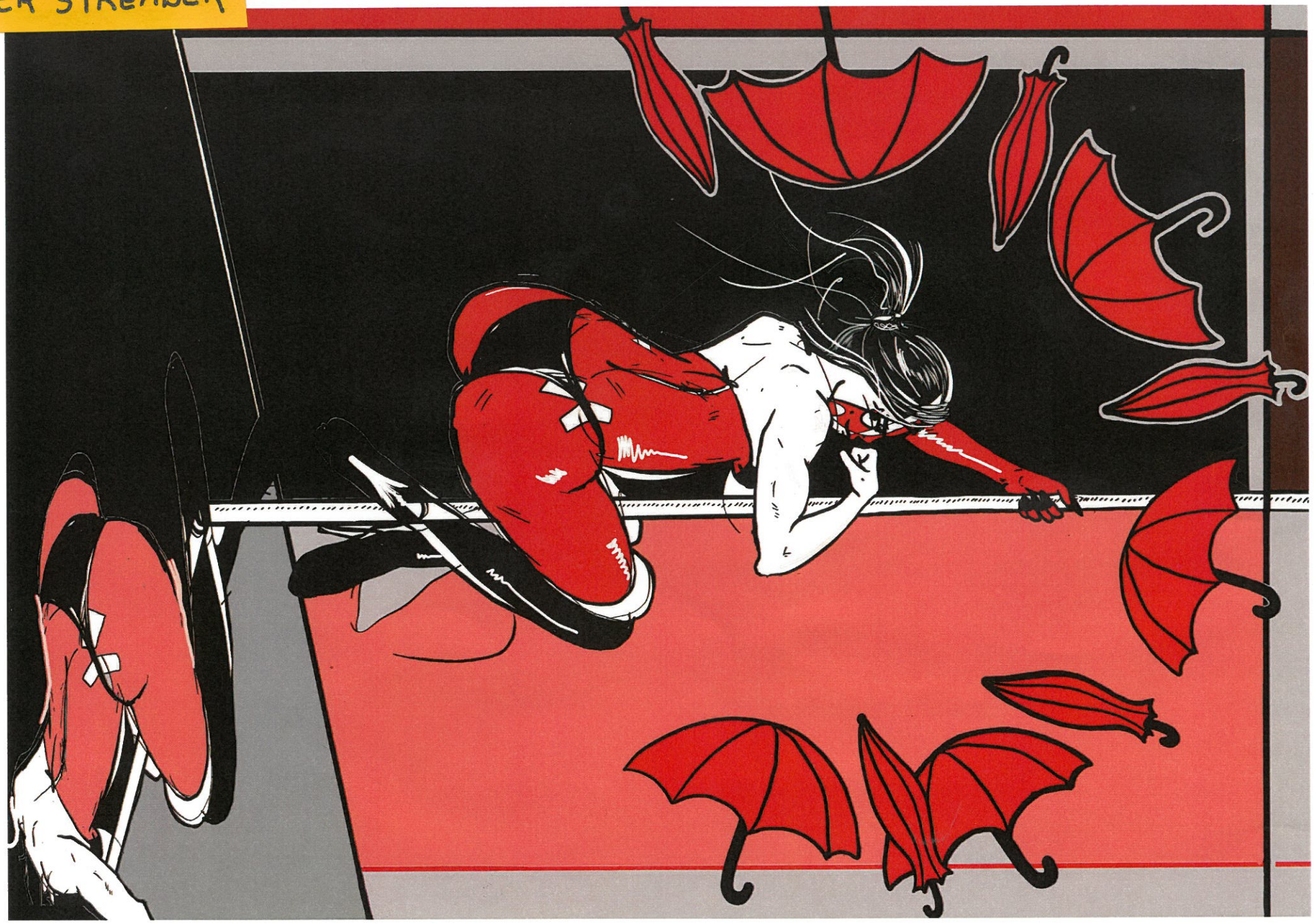
10:15: (Mug 5): good good, hey send us a photo yeah?

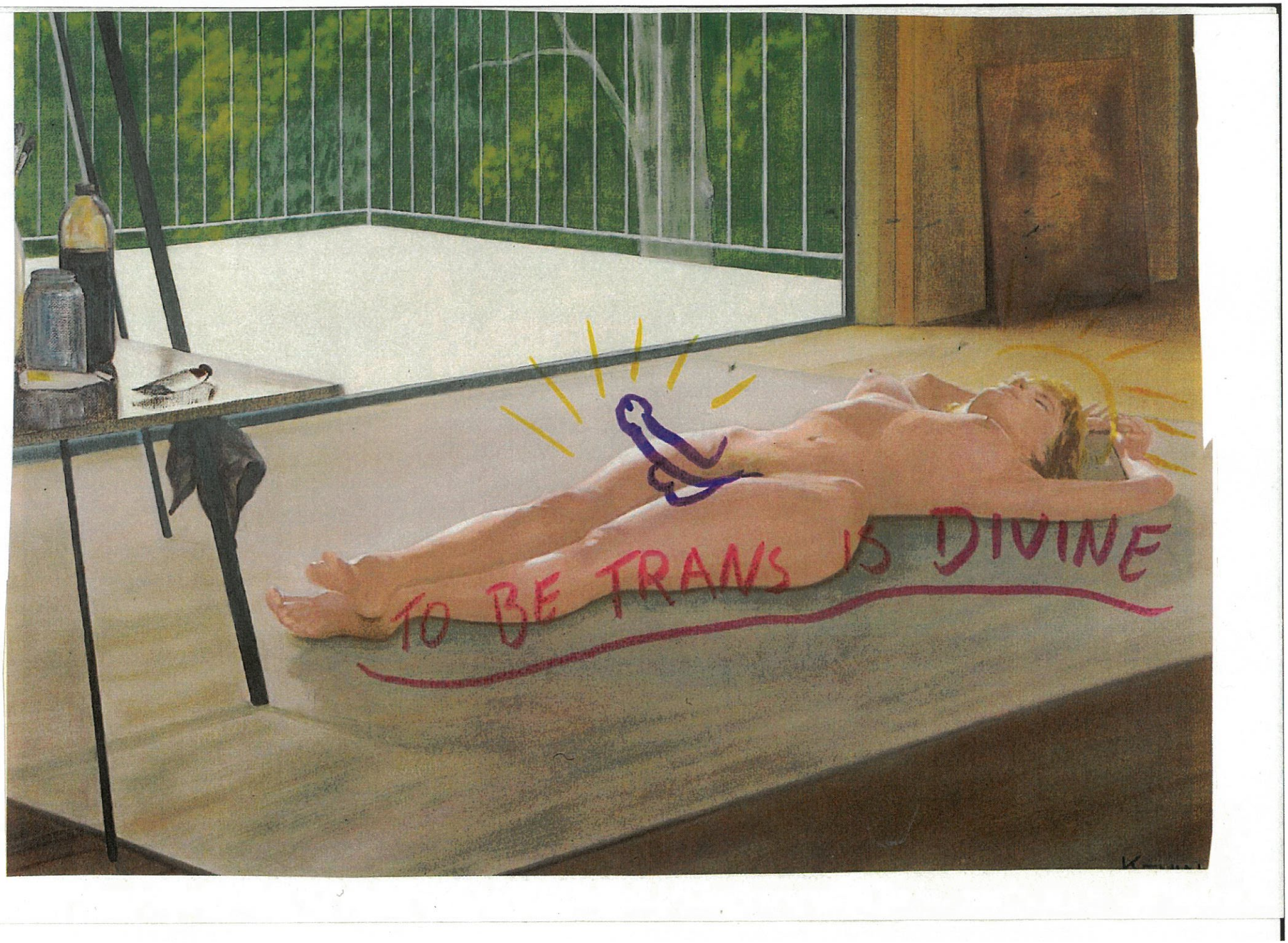
10:15: (Mug 3): are you a milf?

10: 15: (Mug 4): So ive cum once..but keen for round 2. Wanna see if you can edge me for 30mins

10:15: (Mug 5): hahaha alright see you at 1 😊

RIVER STREADER




TO BE TRANS IS DIVINE

DESPO DEBBY – BYE BYE NOW!

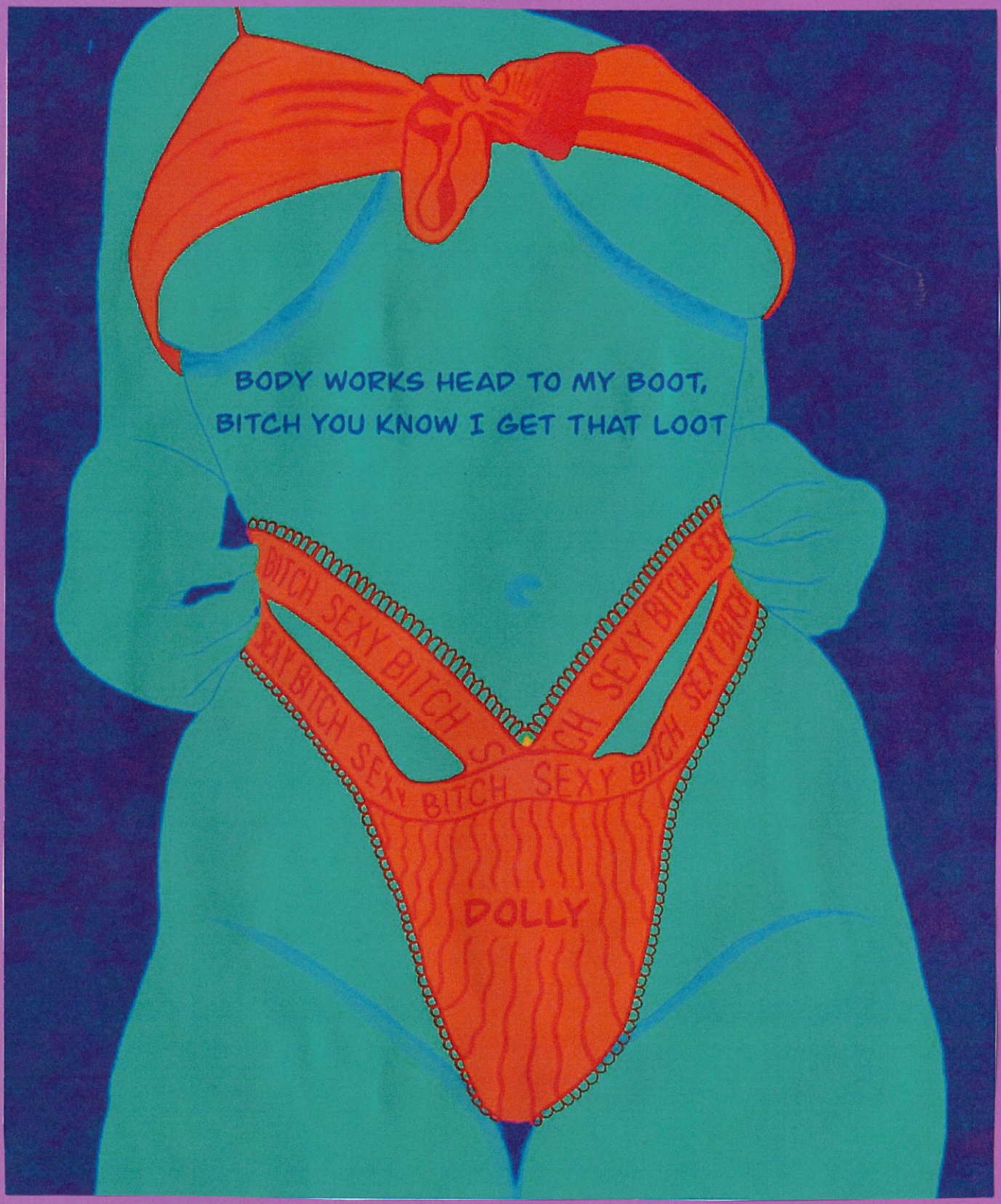
V1. What a hater,
Master-berators
Co-opt every convo
Shit's calculated,
Frame us as the 'pimp lobby'?
We won't placate ya,
Won't turn the other cheek
When u shout 'Gender Traitor!'
Chorus: Swerve these SWERFS
and TERFS off my turf,
Second waver,
Radfem brigade (ugh)
Surfing trash rhetoric
That spews, Nordic flavour,
Out their clenched holes
And thru to the page
yeh!

Chorus 2.
Total haters,
Manipulators,
Co-opt every convo,
Serve it the same;
side of silencing,
Sprinkle some blame,
Spread stigma like
Butter on a pity porn main!
V4. Project Disrespect,
Why you so obsessed with me?
It's no biggie, when the civvies
Root around for free,
NG-Hoes are A-Ok,
That's how it seems to be,
But if I'm charging,
I'm the brazen tool
Of Patriarchy?!

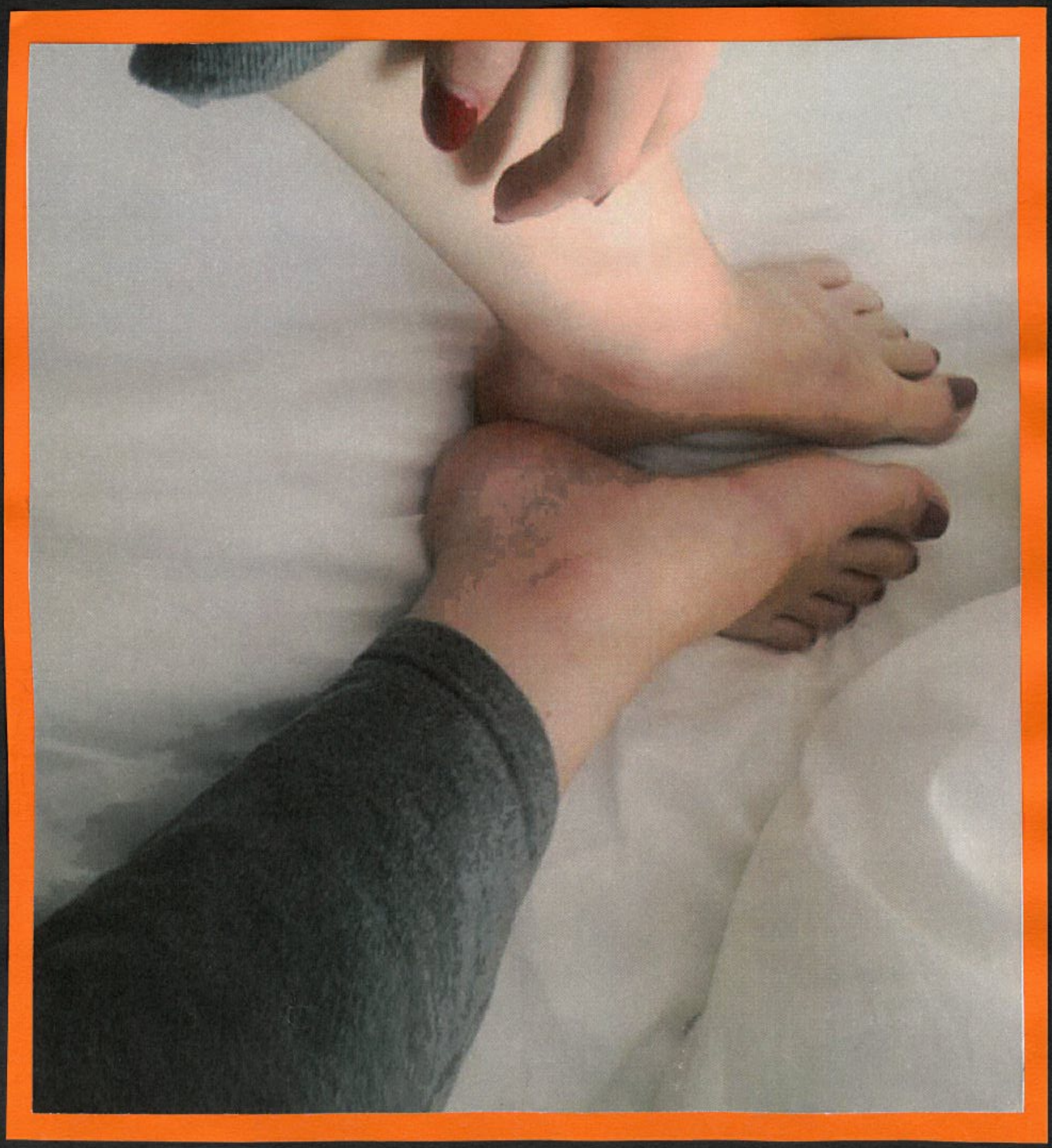
V2. Pretty Please, cherry on top:
Kathleen Maltzhan she's a tease,
Every time a pussy pops!
On stage, on screen,
In a mini drop-top,
Everytime I'm on my knees,
Slurping, slobbing on a cock,
Soz Sheila, this "Industrial
Vagina won't stop ...

V3. Am I a bad feminist?
Oh no! I might be!
Box-hocking this "exploited"
Body nightly ...
Silly rabbit,
Hookers can't consent to Tricks!
Now u whorephobes made
This pretty bunny mad-
You wanna fight me?

V5. All you Radfems,
can suck my left tit!
Rest assured,
I'll be getting cash up front
For it!
Now that (Full) Decrim's
On it's way,
Bitch, don't forget-
Swedish models best be
Catwalking off;
Lickety split!
... Bye Bye Now!



PIPPIN ELDRID



Waiting to hear off a guy that said he wanted a ball busting session, in a clients (?) house, featuring scars on my feet I got from trying to dip punters walking around Soho wearing Pleasers that I usually wear giving lap dances and shakey hands bought to you by coke that a rickshaw driver I gave 2 handjobs to gave to me, with a manicure and pedicure paid for by an SD who just Facetimed me from rehab, tracksuit pants an ex got when he was arrested, typed a phone bought for me by a dunt that a meth dealer I loved broke, Locanto open on my lap top probably bought with money made from sucking dicks.

MAMA B

Yoni Puja

tis
ALL
WORSHIP

GANG BANG

Scared

Whore

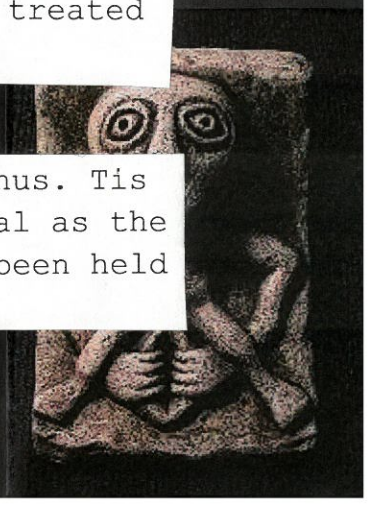
At 52 I gotta tell you I fucking LOVE being a Whore.

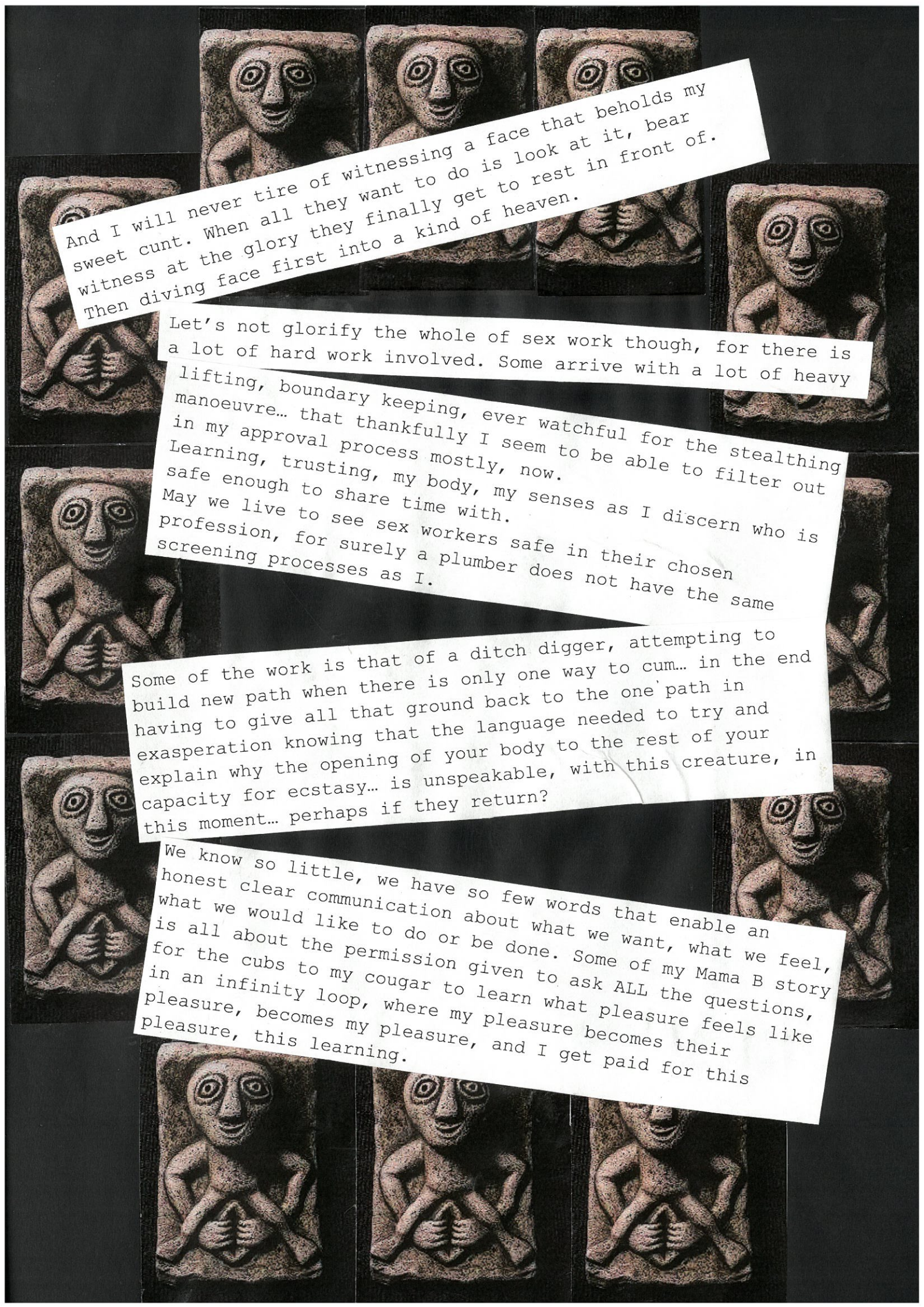
I knew I was capable of it when I was 19. But it took till now to get it all sorted, all mine.
My expression, my style, my flavour, out there, in a narrative that I control.
There is a sweetness that dribbles off my chin that cannot be replaced. That sweet nectar of being everything our Patriarchal overlords have defined as obsolete… and still paying the rent.

Half my clientele are under 30. Boys, little men, deeply enamoured in the possibility of a Real Woman and what that would be like? With hair and everything! Littles that are trapped in bubbles of shame, so unaware of what their power could be like, could be enjoyed. So much story running through our culture of what a man is… what a man be…
I hold their little boy, I invoke their young man. I worship at the temple of skin, with them.
We share an encounter that dates back to before we had language for it.

The original anonymous sexual encounter was an act of worship. At a Temple. We all arrived to serve, to reach out and be touched by the Gods, Goddesses, all that is sacred. We knew our bodies as vessels for our divinity, we treated our bodies each other's bodies, as temples.

Every cock that rises in front of me is worshiped thus. Tis a giving experience. Rare and precious and individual as the cocks that arrive in front of me. So few have ever been held thus.



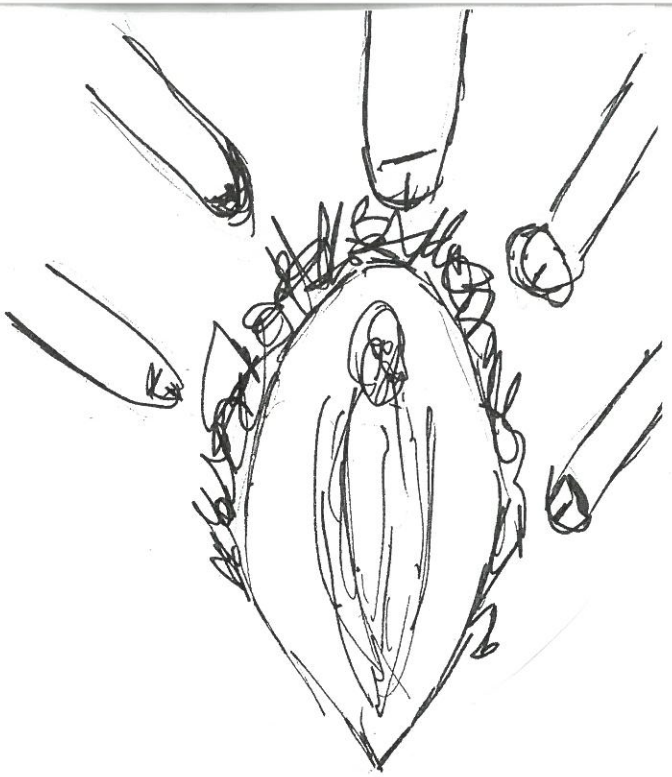


And I will never tire of witnessing a face that beholds my sweet cunt. When all they want to do is look at it, bear witness at the glory they finally get to rest in front of. Then diving face first into a kind of heaven.

Let's not glorify the whole of sex work though, for there is a lot of hard work involved. Some arrive with a lot of heavy lifting, boundary keeping, ever watchful for the stealthing manoeuvre… that thankfully I seem to be able to filter out in my approval process mostly, now.
Learning, trusting, my body, my senses as I discern who is safe enough to share time with.
May we live to see sex workers safe in their chosen profession, for surely a plumber does not have the same screening processes as I.

Some of the work is that of a ditch digger, attempting to build new path when there is only one way to cum… in the end having to give all that ground back to the one path in exasperation knowing that the language needed to try and explain why the opening of your body to the rest of your capacity for ecstasy… is unspeakable, with this creature, in this moment… perhaps if they return?

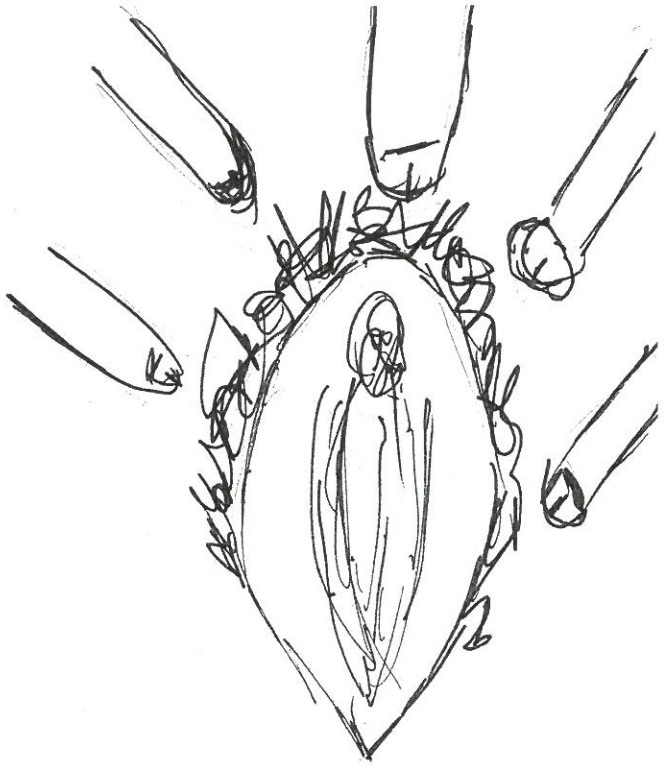
We know so little, we have so few words that enable an honest clear communication about what we want, what we feel, what we would like to do or be done. Some of my Mama B story is all about the permission given to ask ALL the questions, for the cubs to my cougar to learn what pleasure feels like in an infinity loop, where my pleasure becomes their pleasure, becomes my pleasure, and I get paid for this pleasure, this learning.



Does that make my work acceptable? Am I doing the Goddesses work? Aren't all acts of pleasure her rituals? Does that make All Whores Sacred? I know the Dakini, the Tantrika, they be big words, holy words, does that make their work and more important? Is the $100 ten minute whore any less worthy?

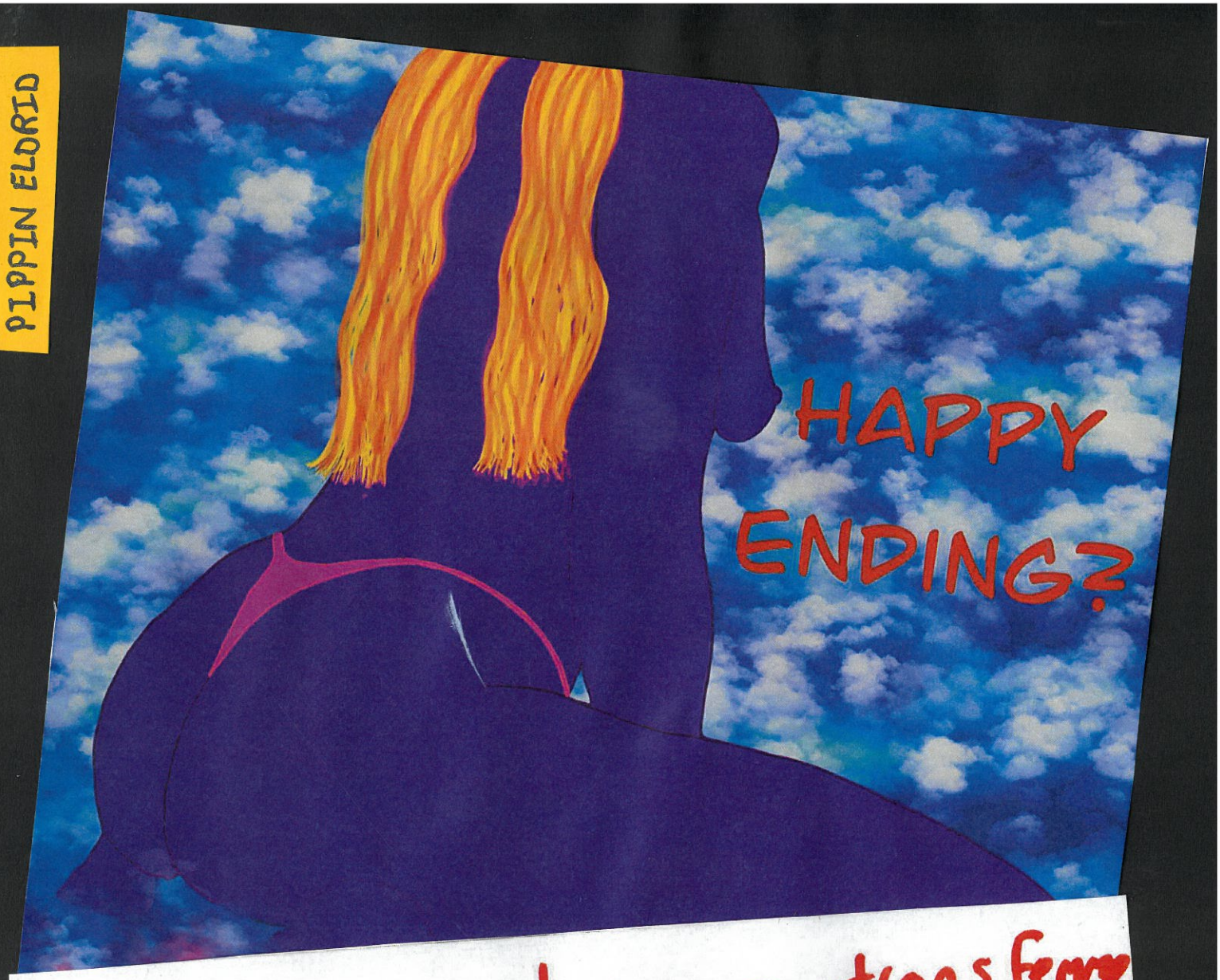
We have some work to do on our whore phobia, our terror of wondering what it would be like, to just once, just once, close the door and just have sex, enjoy skin, share breath with no thought for tomorrow, or yesterday, nothing but the here and now. Uncontained, unleashed, fully expressed sex.

The more you let go and enjoy the better it gets. And then sometimes, you are completely at the edge of his sexual being, reaching for whatever is going to work for his wiring,and his process.



That's Service. A Full Service. That's why ALL Whores are Sacred.

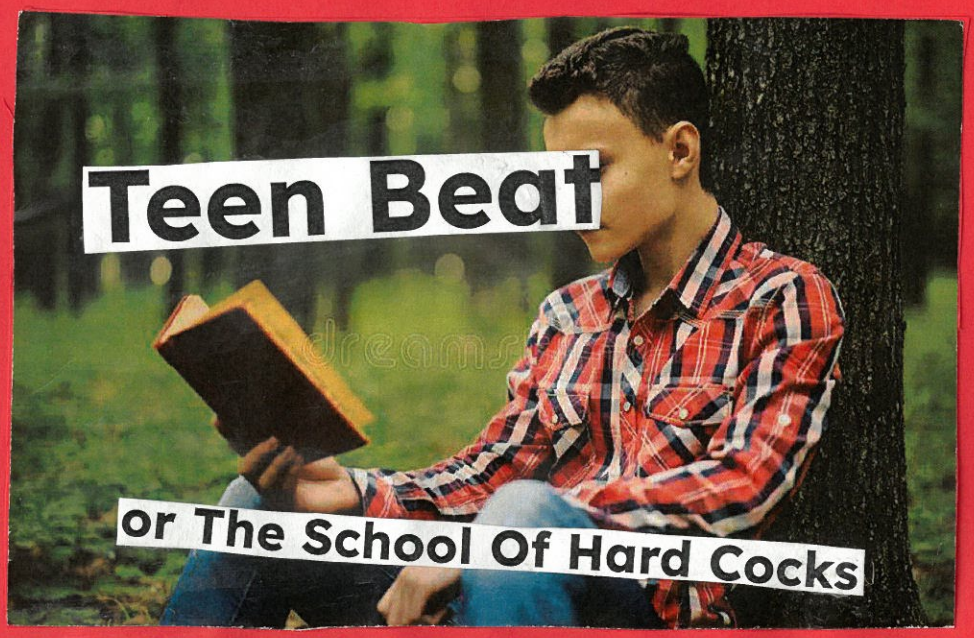
PIPPIN ELDRID



Sometimes being a transfemme whore is a beautiful space of gender exploration

living Sacred & worshipped

of being worshipped as the divine being I am



Confessions of a teenage male sex worker in 1970s Melbourne- part 1

I started sex work purely by accident. But it was an accident waiting to happen. By popular demand is a good way of putting it.

It was 1977 - so pre HIV, pre Sydney Mardi Gras riot even, but the gay liberation movement was already well established and homosexuality was no longer a completely shameful or taboo subject - though, as I learnt from Tom Robinson, it was still classified as a disease by the World Health Organisation!

But gay culture was definitely becoming more visible within the mainstream - even my staunchly homophobic mother never missed an episode of *Number 96*, which doesn't mean she apporved of Don , the show's groundbreaking gay character - far from it, merely that she, along with millions of other viewers, was now ever so slightly aware that gay men were human too.

And for my part, although I was straight thinking sexually, I was definitely curious. Well I guess I was, but to be honest, it's a bit difficult to remember. Was I curious, or was I simply not homophobic? Whichever it was, I certainly sensed it must be good even if only because my parents didn't like it.

So it was that when a middle aged man first followed me from the toilets at Flinders Street Station across Swanston Street to the benches above Princes Bridge Station - an area we all know now as Federation Square, and one I was soon to learn was a well established beat - and offered me 20 dollars to suck MY cock, not even for me to suck his (!!), I didn't need to think twice!

And that, dear readers, is how I went from being a 14 year old virgin to sex worker in one spurt.

What attracted me most was the transgressiveness, and I was soon reciprocating the cock sucking, though, and this annoys me to this day, I was still rarely getting more than a lobster for my efforts. Mind you, 20 dollars went a lot further back then, for instance the dole was only $102.70 a fortnight, and for those under 18, a mere $72.

But still, I was 14 FFs! And I probably looked 10!! So yeah, if I could go back in time, I would definitely make different life choices.

For one, I would charge much much more! Oh well, life is full of little regrets...

The cliche of the predatory gay man lurking in the shadows, waiting for an opportunity to manipulate and corrupt vulnerable school children is a homophobic lie, way more applicable to sleazy straight men than queers, but I have no doubt that at least some of the men knew I was a bargain. And getting paid such paltry sums - well, to me that's what I would call child exploitation!!

I would sit up on the benches or in a couple other locations, usually reading a book, and just wait until I was approached. Occasionally someone wasn't interested in paying and would leave, but that was rare. More often they would haggle. They would say $15, $10 even. The lowest I ever did was $12 dollars. The most I ever got was $50.

I did this casual sex work once or twice a week for the next year, at the same time getting more and more involved in Melbournes nascent punk rock scene, while spending increasingly less time at school. Most of what I made went on import records. I didn't use drugs yet, though heroin, in particular, was high on my to do list.

For months I had been successfully forging letters from my parents saying I was unwell and needed to take a few days or weeks off school. Alas, one day in mid-year I was picked up by the cops in a pool hall/ indoor bowling center/ pinball parlor where I would frequently spend the proceeds of my cock sucking that didn't go on music. Cocksucking which, I might add, I was getting better at - and enjoying.

This wasn't the first time I had been stopped by the boiz in blue, of course, but until then I had always managed to bullshit my way out of the "why aren't you at school" interrogation. Back then cops were regularly positioned at intersections thru-out the CDB expressly for the purpose of harassing anyone who looked even slightly out of the ordinary. Remember, we are talking about the late 70s - years before camera surveillance became a thing (infact, I actually remember well exactly when CCTV-style cameras first arrived in Melbourne. They were introduced for the CHOGM 1981 conference, ostensibly to monitor 'traffic'. Of course, it was really to surveil the anti-Commonwealth Heads of State protests - and the State assured the public they would be removed once the conference was over. Hmmmm...)

Walking around the city, my private school uniform was like a cloak of class privilege that usually allowed me safe passage- something I would only become aware of later when I no longer had it as a shield. But even with the uniform I did get stopped from time to time, particularly after I got my first 'punk' haircut in mid-1977. That said, I found lying to cops no less easy than lying to teachers. It was on weekends when i wore my punks clothes i got most hassled (dont even think about calling me a weekend punk - an insult no one who knew e then ever would have leveled at me!) , and this was the reason i didnt change out of my school clothes every time i took a day off.

I would always have a school notebook and papers that were for a supposed school project I was working on, a folder with newspaper clippings and reports or brochures from various community groups or organizations- more often than not for things I was genuinely interested in, just not in a school context. Carrying such 'props' is a really good way of backing up your story and to this day I still use this technique, which can be refined and adapted according to the situation.

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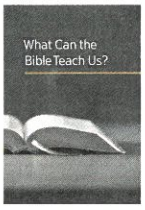
Car
Jehovah's W
at www.jw.org.



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I loved exploring - with a healthy disregard for *No Trespassing* signs, I got to know the city and St Kilda Road very very well. I had a range of discrete locations good for quick sex - a barely used back stairwell; a storage area accessable via a car park that I could escape from, need be, by squeezing between a narrow gap onto another lane that exited a whole city block from where I entered; an Elizabeth Street rooftop with a covered area completley hidden from view.

A couple times I gave blowjobs in a porn cinema. The mug would pay and I would sneak in the rear exit. One day I was leaving there after a 'job. I had just stepped into the laneway when I almost collided with 2 beat cops (pardon the pun).

Miraculously, I was able to convince them I had come from another building whose rear exit came out just beside the adult cinema, but if they had been a couple seconds quicker, things could not have failed to get awkward...

Anyhow, I seem to have digressed. Back to the cops in the pool hall,, who definitely weren't falling for whatever story I was giving them. One thing led to another and I soon found myself expelled from the supposedly prestigious school I had been attending since form 1 (year 7). This pleased me immensely but I was still too young to quit the brainwashing treadmill entirely....

My next stop was St Kilda Alternative School, which probably would've been fine had I not been overheard in a much too enthusiastic manner, promoting sex work to my new classmates as an easier and better paying option to doing a paper round! Apparently this was a bit too alternative!

Next i found a highschool that was actually quite tolerable, but while i was happy to spend hours in the library reading - and learning - i had no desire to stay at school a moment longer than necessary. Between the end of that school year and the start of the next i scored a (non blow) job in a really cool record shop and moved out of home. I hadn't stopped sex work, and was always prepared to do a quick job when the opportunity arose, but it wasn't something i went looking for either.

There was one rather ironic incident that happened around this time though that both led me to more sexwork and taught me an immensely valuable lesson. The record shop, where i had been working now for six months or more, had just moved to its new address on Gertrude street, a few blocks closer to the city. It was early evening and i was sitting on the street out front having not long closed up. Unusually, i was alone, and was probably wondering what to do next when I was approached by a scruffy looking man in his late 30's. He asked me if I was waiting for someone from the pub across the street. I can't remember its name now, perhaps it was the Carlton hotel? Anyway, I had never been in it - our pub being the Builders Arms further down Gertrude, which was where the local blak fellas hung out. Ross Hannafords Lucky Dog, who were managed by the shop's owner, had a residency there, and we would spin the latest reggae imports before and after the band. Then there was the Champion, on the corner of gerty and Brunswick. It too was, or soon would be, an excellent venue that i could get in no questions asked. But I really knew zero about the pub directly across from us, and without a contact on the inside, it was unlikely I would have much chance of

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getting served. Looking as young as I did, I often had members of bands claim I was their child in order to get me in the door of venues. This worked well and consistently and I was a regular at many venues and attended innumerable gigs around the inner city for years before I was legal, and I doubt I ever left one sober!

Anyway, when he asked me if I had ever been inside and I said yes, making money wasn't my motivation, there was a vibe men looking for sex have, and he didn't have it. At most I was thinking there might be a free drink in it for me. I certainly didn't expect what happened next. He said "come over to my car with me, I want to show you something", and 16 year old inquisitive me didn't hesitate to follow. What could it be? A bottle of vodka? Drugs? (I probably should mention that by now I had tried pretty much everything - mandies, hammer 'n' tack, , speed, nembies, acid etc -. Luckily i had responsible adults around to look after me; lol).

Sadly, when We got to his car i was in for a surprise, and not it any good way. No booze, no drugs, just a police badge and handcuffs! Yep, he was an undercover cop!.

I was taken to Russell street, sans bracelets. Even before we got there the unshaven, tattooed undercover knew i had zero connection to whatever nefarious activities were taken place in the hotel - and I didn't even need to lie. It was soon obvious to all present at pig central that i had done nothing wrong. Despite this they continued to interrogate me about all kinds of irrelevant things long after i should have been released. The reason: My appearance. The excuse: My age. ACAB.

Oh and the hotel, where all the surveillance time and resources were being spent, it was a gay bar. So the evening wasn't a total waste of time, because this was information I would put to good use in the not too distant future. Plus, i have to say, seeing just how far plain clothed/undercover filth are willing and able to go with disguises, was invaluable. A lesson not forgotten, I am certain it has saved me from time behind bars on more than a couple of occasions. So thanks piggies.

My next significant sex work milestone was around 1979/ 1980. By this time, I was more or less living with a couple of older wimmin sex workers (by older I mean in their early 20's , perhaps 23 - I myself still being well under 18). This was when I discovered how good I looked in a wig and makeup...but that's another story..

God's Kingdom—The Facts

Location. God's Kingdom is a real government set up by God in heaven.
—DANIEL 2:44; MATTHEW 4:17.

Rulers. God appoir
rule in heaven alor
who are bought fro
12:32; REVELATION 14:

Subjects. The subj
live on earth and w
rulership and obey
—MATTHEW 7:21.

How God's Kingdom Car Benefit You !

You can live a happ
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"Pursue pea
—HEBREWS 12:1

Enjoy peace
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—EPHESIANS 5:

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PIPPIN ELDRID

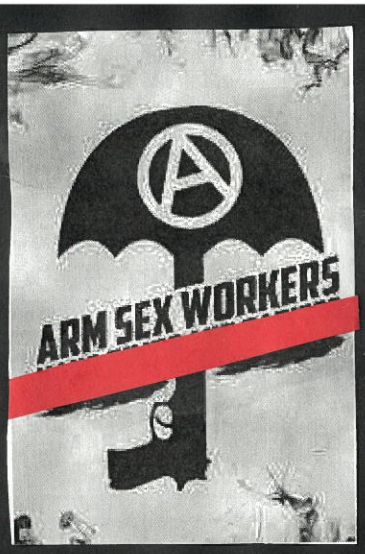
LOVE AND RAGE FROM A PROUD ANARCHIST EX-WHORE

When I was a girl I wanted to grow up to be a prostitute. I bet you're thinking *bullshit, no one grows up wanting to be a prostitute*. I didn't in primary school, but about two years into high school I did. By then I'd started to become more consciously aware of the disgust I held for most of society. I felt like I just didn't fit in. I mean school, just for starters - it felt like I was being groomed for a life to accept the authority of petty tyrants enforcing arbitrary rules that made little sense. I was a vegetarian and into animal liberation and I couldn't make sense of how my parents and peers, who claimed to love animals, were just fine with industrialized animal torture. The sexism, it was a complete onslaught, everywhere, everyday. In the home, on the TV, on the way to the shops. The blatant racism, racism had barely begun to be thought of something that needed to be questioned back then in early 80s white, suburban Australia. All this small-mindedness laid out ahead of me like a road into a preordained banality featuring death by a thousand cuts to the soul, if the boredom and tedium didn't kill me first.

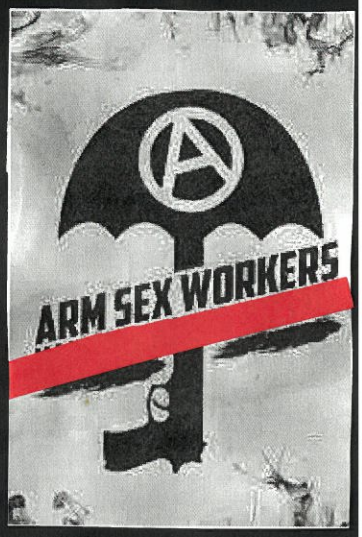
When I was fourteen we lived around the corner from an upmarket brothel. I'd see the women enter and leave and they looked so glamourous and self-possessed, they seemed to me to be living the perfect kind of fuck-you lives. By then I had begun to be sexually active and getting paid for sex seemed like a smart thing. Around the same time, my sister and I were walking down the street and this random man offered us $50 (which was quite a sum back then) if we could stand on him while he just laid there on the nature strip completely impervious to all the cars going past. The condition of payment was that we both had to stand on him for five full seconds without falling off. This was a bit of a lightning bolt. I mean who doesn't want easy money?, and if men are

this desperate and easy to please, get out the proverbial pen and sign me up! Needless to say, upper-echelon brothels weren't my destiny. As my tastes refined over time, I found myself drawn to the tawdry glamour of the less salubrious establishments and houses off ill-repute. The kind of places other people would walk by and wonder what kind of people could possibly work there, these were the places that made me intensely curious and sought initiation into. Working on the street was intimidating at first, but like all first times, once you transgress a boundary and you really push yourself outside of your comfort zone, that transgression can feel incredibly liberating. I worked in brothels and seedy strip-joints in the Cross, resplendent with their garish kitsch decor. I got a kick out of the high strangeness of peep shows and eventually settled into BDSM houses with interiors designed to intimidate even the most seasoned punters.

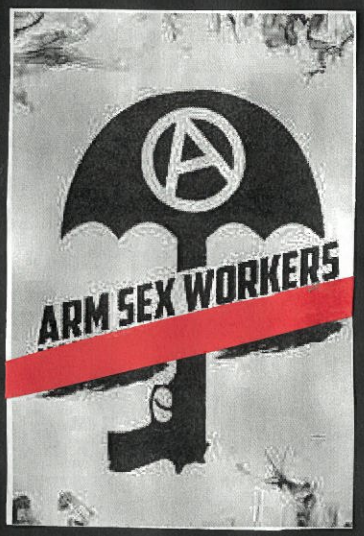
I never worked terribly hard, in fact I worked the bare minimum I could get away with. I don't think I was ever particularly good at it either. I kept my heroin habit to a minimum, in line with my ethos to work as little as possible. It was (relatively) easy money and being a junkie whore was exactly what I wanted to be. And it was FUN. I had so much fun at that time in my life and it gave me the luxury of time for all my other pursuits that I was interested in. So much of my life was like a party, squatting with friends, building community, learning more about living outside the system, making art and making mischief. It also afforded me the opportunity to take courses in subjects that interested me. However, like anything else, if you do it long enough it develops into a tedium. It's in my past now. I'm older and my health is poor but those choices I made, to do sex work, made me who I am now - a proud, unrepentant, ex-junkie whore who is still at war with almost every value this hypocritical capitalist society espouses. It's hugely shaped my identity as an Anarchist. My Anarchism embraces social war, unlike the male-dominated workerist-anarchist strains espoused by the largely socially conservative, moralizing and respectability-seeking types that are so common within the Anarchist landscape in this country...the type that see their role as a worker as their primary function in society and



view the challenging of capitalistic patriarchal social norms as an irrelevant distraction from seizing the means of production. Or the reformists who mimic NGO culture and it's attendant dependence on respectability and it's reliance on clout-chasing social media personalities who themselves live well within the margins. Why can't we have it all. Yes, fuck capitalism, but also fuck the capitalist's social cultural policing that inevitably becomes so ingrained as to morph into the proverbial cop that lives rent-free inside your head.



I'm proud that I stood firmly in that space in which reviled women (and people of other genders) stand. I've always despised work culture - the ludicrous professionalism assigned to tasks with all their attendant hierarchies. All the petty competitiveness along with the absurd class judgements over what one does. So, it was my good fortune to largely escape all that nonsense for most of my working life and to have colleagues that stood alongside me outside of respectable society. A refrain I've heard some Sex Worker activists say is that *of course no one grows up wanting to be a sex worker*, well that doesn't speak for my experience. In fact much of what many Sex Worker activists say doesn't



resonate with me, especially when it comes to making Sex Work respectable. I'm all for decrim of course, the less cops and courts you have to deal with the better. However, increasingly Sex Work orgs are seeking to destigmatize Sex Work, so much so that Sex Work is now as respectable as say a professional masseuse or a therapist is. I get that stigma causes great harm to people. However, personally I'm just not ready to let go of prostitution's glorious outsider status just yet. Investing yourself in mainstream society and it's values causes it's own great harm too. It's a fraught issue I know. Also, call me weird, but winning the right to pay tax is not my idea of liberation. Some of us want to live on the margins. How can Sex Workers continue to evolve politically to oppose this capitalist, patriarchal, colonial, fucked-up system we're living under if their primary concern is being socially accepted by that very same system? How can Sex Worker orgs funded by governments in affluent countries keep, nurture and reflect these

impulses within their communities while also satisfying the demands of their funders? I'm convinced that this must be possible, though not without a high degree of conscious awareness, determination and finesse at straddling both these opposing forces. Sex Workers do not all share the same voice. It's up to those in Sex Worker orgs to not allow the voices of radically political whores (the very same radicalism that defines our organizing history) to be subsumed under the goals and myopic-inducing bureaucracy that are driven by government funders.

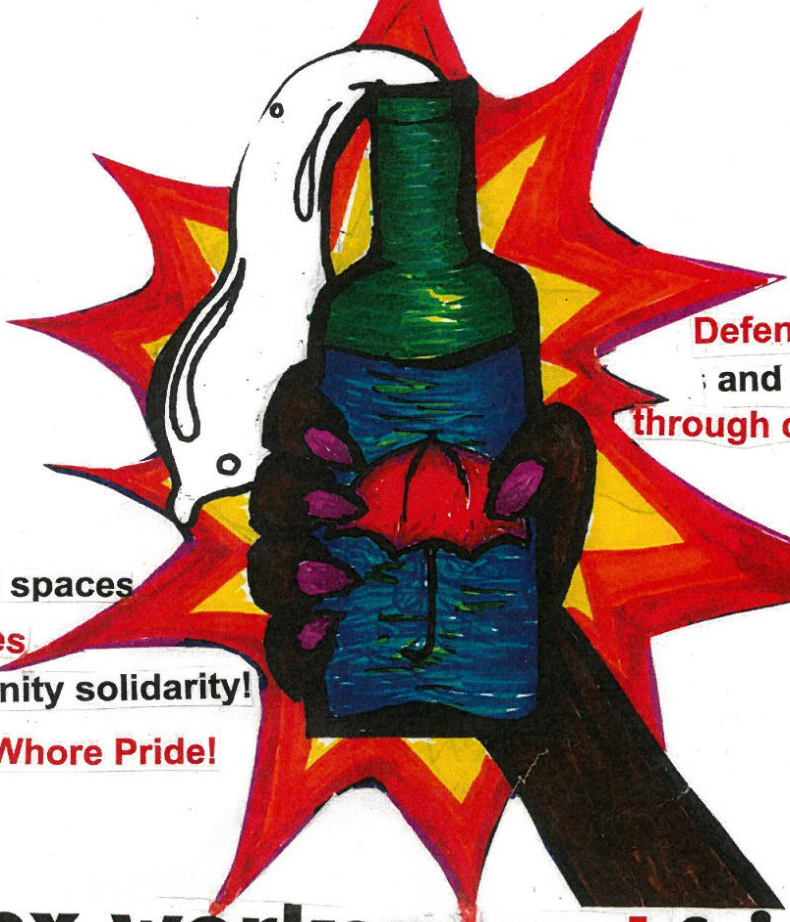
As a proud, ex-whore, I implore younger Sex Workers to reject the building of social capital, embrace your rejection of mainstream society, radicalize yourselves as fully as you can, question all the political and social values we've been indoctrinated into, read politically radical texts, learn from radical history, get together with your friends, fellow outcasts and comrades and make trouble, cause mischief and go fuck shit up. Be proud to be a card-carrying member of society's beautiful and courageous rejects. Be proud that whores have historically embraced all the other radical movements around them and have led the charge for not only sexual liberation but TOTAL liberation. For it's on the margins of society where we not only love, dance and fight, but this is our true power - living on the margins. The most effective enemies of the State are those with nothing left to lose. And once we lose it all we have the whole world to gain.

- Zuni

Note: this is a transcribed & slightly edited version of an audio segment broadcast on anarchist radio program Music for the Global Intifada, commemorating International Whores Day. The program aired on Naarm/ Melbourne community radio 3CR in 2020.

December 17, International Day to End Violence Against Sex Workers

MARCH ON THE MAINSTREAM MEDIA MUGS



Defend our street spaces and workplaces through community solidarity!

Fight back with Whore Pride!

Defend our street spaces and workplaces through community solidarity!

Fight back with Whore Pride!

Join sex workers and friends to denounce the whore-phobic violence of the corporate media!

Time: 12:30pm

Location: meet at the grassy knoll opposite Southern Cross Station, under the red umbrellas

Date: 17 December 2022

All Sex Workers and our friends welcome!

MANY THANKS + WHORE POWER / LOVE + RESPECT

TO ALL THE AMAZING SEX WORKERS

WHO CONTRIBUTED TO THIS ZINE!

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RIVER STREADER

SCOUT

ANONYMOUS SEX WORKERS

PIPPIN ELDRID

RIVER

DYLAN

K.B.

IF WE HAVE INADVERTANTLY FAILED TO CREDIT YOU - PLEASE ACCEPT OUR SINCERE APOLOGIES! CONTACT US + WE WILL RECTIFY ASAP!

Who have i Become?
MUG
CAZ